

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



INSTALLATION OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE ARCHBISHOP SEATED IN THE MARBLE CHAIR.



## BIRTH.

On the 22nd ult., at 10, Marlborough-grove, Fishergate, York, the wife of Brigade-Surgeon Tippetts, Army Medical Department, of a daughter.

## DEATH.

On the 30th ult., Phoebe, widow of the late Joshua Field Whittell, of Upper Helmsley Hall, York, in her 71st year.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 14.

**SUNDAY, APRIL 8.**  
 Second Sunday after Easter.  
 Morning Lessons: Num. xx. 1-14;  
 Luke ix. 1-23. Evening Lessons:  
 Num. xx. 14-xxi. 10, or xxi. 10;  
 II. Cor. xi. 30-xxii. 14.  
 St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.  
 3.15 p.m., Canon Liddon.  
 Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m.  
 St. James's, noon.

**MONDAY, APRIL 9.**  
 Leopold II., King of Belgium, b. 1835.  
 British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m.  
 London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, papers by Mr. E. W. Brabrook, F.S.A., and Mr. Henry Poole, on Westminster in its Architectural Aspects.

**TUESDAY, APRIL 10.**  
 Horticultural Society: Promenade Show.  
 Cambridge Easter Term begins.  
 Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Kendrick on Physiological Discovery.  
 Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., Mr. P. O'Meara on the Introduction of Irrigation in New Countries.

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11.**  
 Literary Fund, 3 p.m.  
 Hospital for Sick Children, annual festival, Willis's Rooms.  
 Geological Society, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. A. Geikie and Mr. H. W. Monckton.  
 Microscopical Society, 8 p.m.  
 Graphic Society, 8 p.m.  
 Metropolitan Free Hospital, annual festival, Freemasons' Tavern—the Duke of Connaught in the chair.

**THURSDAY, APRIL 12.**  
 Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Dr. Waldstein on the Art of Pheidias.  
 Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.  
 Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m.  
 Mathematical Society, 8 p.m., papers by Lord Rayleigh and others.

**FRIDAY, APRIL 13.**  
 New Shakespeare Society, 8 p.m.  
 Royal Institution, 8 p.m.; Dr. Waldstein on the Influence of Athletic Games on Greek Art, 9 p.m.  
 British Orphan Asylum, Slough, annual festival—Lord Aberdeen in the chair.

**SATURDAY, APRIL 14.**  
 Princess Beatrice born, 1857.  
 Moon's first quarter, 8.50 a.m.  
 Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor A. Geikie on Geographical Evolution.

**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, fortnightly, and monthly tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all trains between London and Brighton.  
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 In addition to the New and Magnificent Musical Entertainment of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, the renowned **PAUL MARTINETTI** and his unrivalled Company of Artists will appear at EVERY DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

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 ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Conny Grain. A new First Part, entitled A MOUNTAIN HERESS; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Conny Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performances—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

**THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES**, including J. E. Mills, R.A.'s new picture "Olivia," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

**THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS** by Artists of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MOLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

**DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.**—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Living Dignity"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION;" "CHRIST LEAVING THE PREFORIUM;" "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6, 1s.

**REDEMPTION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—TUESDAY, APRIL 10.**

**MR. GEAUSSANT'S CHOIR.**—ST. JAMES'S HALL. Gowned REDEMPTION will be PERFORMED on TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, at Eight o'clock. Miss Mary Davies, Miss de Fontblaque, Miss Marion McKenzie; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. E. Miles, and Mr. Santley. Band and Chorus of 300 Performers. Conductor, Mr. Geaussant. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 2s. at Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s, 1, Berners-street, W.; Mr. Burnside's, Blackheath; at the usual Agents; and at Austin's, St. James's Hall.

**MR. WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.** Thirteenth Season, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, APRIL 9, at Half-past Three. Programme of Works, by Beethoven, including Grand Sonata B flat, Op. 106; Liederkreis, Op. 98. Vocalist, Mr. William Shakespeare. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 24, New Bond-street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

**LYCEUM.**—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING (166th Performance). Every Evening at 7.45. Benedick, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performance To-day (Saturday) at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Daily, Ten to Five.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Lessee and Manager, F. C. LEADER.—EVERY EVENING, at Eight, terminating at Eleven, A TRIP TO THE MOON. Messrs. Julian Cross, Rosenthal, Thorne, Paul, and Lord Rignold; Misses Abton, Morini, Marie Williams, and Fannie Leslie; Miller, Rossi, De La Hogue, Sarracini, F. Powell, and De Gilbert. First Morning Performance to-day (Saturday) at Two o'clock. Gallery, 6d.; Stalls, 1s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (reserved), 2s. 6d.; 1st, 2s. Box Office open from Ten till Five.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets entitled *The Interloper* or *Leaflet*, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883.

The recovery of the Queen from her recent accident has been by no means so rapid as could be wished, and has, perhaps, been somewhat retarded by the shock arising from the unexpected decease of Mr. John Brown, her Majesty's faithful attendant before and since the death of the Prince Consort. Rarely has a Sovereign passed upon so humble a servant such a warm eulogium as the cordial and emphatic tribute to John Brown's worth that appeared in the "Court Circular." The incident is eminently characteristic of the domestic life of her Majesty, whose personal sympathies with those about her, down to the humblest members of the Royal household, furnish a bright example to her loyal subjects in high life. There is something touching in the anxiety of the Queen, herself very far from robust in health, to do honour to the memory of an attached follower by the care taken that his remains should be removed to Aberdeenshire to repose among his kindred, and her personal attendance at the preliminary funeral service performed by a Nonconformist minister with whom the deceased worshipped. How many Crowned Heads would condescend to so meritorious an act of religious fellowship! In these days of ecclesiastical exclusiveness, it deserves to be gratefully remembered that the rights of conscience are rigorously respected in the Royal household—some of the members of which are not only Presbyterians, but Dissenters—and that Queen Victoria, throughout one of the longest and most brilliant reigns on record, has never once violated those traditions of religious liberty and a large-hearted charity which were handed down to her by her illustrious father, the Duke of Kent—the patron of Sunday Schools in their earliest infancy—and so heartily accepted by her revered husband.

These maxims of enlightened toleration have rarely been more religiously exemplified than during the exemplary career of Archbishop Tait, whose memory and good deeds were not forgotten in connection with the brilliant ceremony of last week, which culminated in placing his successor in the "chair of St. Augustine" in Canterbury Cathedral. The tedious and complex processes have at length been gone through which invest Dr. Benson with the rights and privileges of the Primate of all England, and raise him to the position of first subject of the realm after the members of the Royal Family. Amid the pomp and splendour of the inaugural pageant, the new Archbishop of Canterbury was evidently mindful of the weighty responsibilities that devolve upon him, and of the traditions that have been bequeathed to him. His address at the luncheon that followed the ceremony was moderate, cautious, and free from narrowness, as became his position. Dr. Benson sees great hope for the future of the Anglican Church in the demands made upon her "to be free from superstitions," in her having gone back to primitive models—whatever that may mean—and in her fearlessness "of what science or philosophy could find out, because science and philosophy have their fountain in the throne of God." All the world knows—and his remarks on the occasion confirm the view—that the new Primate is a staunch Churchman, and there is no fear that he will be backward in supporting all measures that will tend to "brighten and purify the morals of the people." The Archbishop is not to be judged by a fragmentary after-dinner speech. His acts

will in due time reveal whether he possesses the qualities of an ecclesiastical statesman, who can at a serious crisis impartially rule all parties in a somewhat distracted Church without becoming a partisan, and whether he is sagacious and generous enough adequately to recognise the zeal and services of those numerous religious communities that exist beyond her pale, and are an important element in the spiritual life of the nation.

"Oh! for one hour of Lord Beaconsfield!" might have been the reasonable exclamation of the sober members of the Conservative party any time during the last week. But would one hour suffice? The dual leadership which became necessary after the decease of that eminent leader has not worked well. This is not presumably owing to the "vaulting ambition" or jealousy of either Lord Salisbury or Sir Stafford Northcote; at least they not only speak respectfully of, but praise, each other in public, and probably agree with as much cordiality as can two leaders whose temperaments differ so widely. The peer is generous; the commoner amiable, and the distance between the two lobbies in the Houses of Parliament means that they have their appointed spheres, where each is supreme, and diversities of opinion hardly clash. But for some occult reasons their respective adherents cannot agree, or what comes to much the same thing, the Extreme Right of the party is impatient and clamorous. In the course of his exertions at Birmingham last week, Lord Salisbury in an unlucky moment took occasion to advert to the divergent political views of Whigs and Radicals among the "happy family" that line the Ministerial benches, and pursue a "zigzag" policy. The response comes not from foes, but from friends—from that irrepressible Fourth Party, which seems infected with the idea that the proper way to destroy a powerful Minister and his great majority is to reverse the tactics of their departed leader by harassing them with incessant and vindictive attacks, paralysing Parliamentary government, and fiercely assailing their own more prudent allies. Unable to await the course of events, or to recognise that time is on their side, they denounce Sir Stafford Northcote with as much vigour as Mr. Gladstone; bitterly bemoaning, for instance, that the right hon. gentleman should be chosen to unveil the Beaconsfield monument. Thereupon the Conservative ranks became alive with discordant charges and recriminative attacks. On the one hand, the respectable leaders of the Opposition in the Commons are denounced by one who may claim to be the political Puck of the party as "bourgeois placemen, honourable Tadpoles, hungry Tapers, and Irish lawyers"; on the other, the Tory irregulars are stigmatised, though with less incisiveness, as "aristocratic placemen, aspiring diplomatists, and pushing English lawyers."

Tantæne animis coelestibus iræ!

It is clear that the aggressive section of the Conservatives are eager to hail Lord Salisbury as their responsible leader; equally clear that the great majority who wish to follow decorous traditions refuse to further that object by throwing Sir Stafford Northcote overboard. The proposed vote of confidence in him may cover but will scarcely heal these intestine divisions, which would probably soon disappear if office were in prospect—which it is not. Perhaps, however, no such vote will now be needed. When Sir Stafford rose on Tuesday night to ask some unimportant question his followers—that is, nearly every occupant of the Conservative benches—received him with repeated volleys of cheers; the best possible rebuke to Lord Randolph Churchill and his fussy little clique.

Perhaps in consequence of these intestine feuds among the Conservatives the Parliamentary machine has, since the Easter recess, been moving with increased vigour. Persons who nowadays read the Parliamentary reports—and they are a diminishing number—must have seen almost with incredulity that a Government bill, the measure for creating a Criminal Court of Appeal, was read a second time in the House of Commons on Monday, after only one evening's debate. As is usual when no party conflict or personal encounter impends, the discussion was carried on before empty benches. But it was real and instructive, if not exciting. At present the Home Secretary, amid his other overwhelming duties, has to assume those of a court of appeal. On the other hand, the unlimited exercise of the right of appeal might lessen the sense of responsibility in ordinary tribunals. However, the House, by a majority of nearly two to one, accepted the principle of the bill, which was supported by Mr. Parnell, who, for obvious reasons, is anxious to stay executions till the question at issue has been decided. The measure will now be thoroughly considered by the Standing Committee on Law and Justice, while the Committee on Trade and Commerce is simultaneously engaged in settling the details of the Bankruptcy Bill. Mr. Gladstone has great faith in the action of these two Grand Committees as economising time; but Mr. James Lowther threatens to set at naught the decisions of tribunals packed, as he recklessly says, by the "caucus," and to go over all such measures once again in the full House. It is, however, not likely that the hon. member will meet with much support from the Opposition in what would be wilful obstruction.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The "scientists"—beshrew the "scientists!"—have decided that the British Army is henceforward to be an invisible one. The "Colour Committee" appointed by the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief to make inquiries into the hues most suitable for military dress have come to the conclusion that scarlet is the worst of all colours for military wear. It is far too conspicuous in the open; and the modern British soldier is expected to keep out of the way of bullets instead of seeking them, and the bubble reputation, to boot—even at the cannon's mouth. White, the scientists declare, is nearly as objectionable as red. 'Tis a pity Henri Quatre did not think of that when, at Ivry, he adorned his helm with a white plume. Blue, green, and black the scientists do not think much of. They have lost their hearts to neutral tint; and the "Tommy Atkins" of the future is to be "a young man clothed all in grey;" the particular shade being borrowed from that worn by a Devonian Volunteer Corps.

It strikes me that the Colour Committee have borrowed something else besides the Devonshire grey. In a work published more than thirty years ago, "The History of the Dress of the British Soldier," by Lieut.-Colonel John Luard, I read, at page 161, the following suggestions for the equipment of a rifleman:—

Grey surtout coat, double breasted, of a light shade; trousers, a light brown or dark drab colour, with black stripes down the outside seams; short gaiters and shoes; helmets in shape like those of the light infantry, but in colour the same as the trousers, a light brown or dark drab, with bronze ornaments without plumes or feathers.

This gear, proposed for adoption three years prior to the outbreak of the Crimean War, is practically identical with the dress recommended by the Colour Committee in 1883. *Festina lente* would certainly seem to be a favourite motto with military authority. The Committee, it is true, have slightly expanded Colonel Luard's suggestion. The bronze ornaments are to be left unpolished—what joy for Private Tommy Atkins!—the bayonets and buttons are to be indued with a bronze lacquer; and even the officers' sword-scabbards are to be nicely browned. Tommy's belt, which has hitherto gleamed white with pipeclay, is to be smeared an "umber" hue, which an eminent professor is now preparing. But, to be quite consistent, should not the British army of the future be instructed to stain their hands and faces with Spanish liquorice or walnut-juice, as Harry Lorrequer did when he "performed Othello," and was so dreadfully "wiggled" by his commanding officer next morning for appearing on early parade with his countenance yet unwashed from the Moorish stain.

Private Thomas Atkins is to have, however, a red coat; but it is to be worn only on high days and holidays. On active service he is to be clad in hoden grey. The Duke of Cambridge, it would appear from the speech made by his Royal Highness at the Easter banquet at the Mansion House, does not approve of the snub administered to scarlet. He would prefer the "red line" to the "grey line" when the foe is in front of us. That, also, was the opinion of Colonel Luard. I read at p. 155 of his book:—

Scarlet has been objected to as a bad colour for soldiers. No doubt it does not wear so well as many other coloured cloths; but it has been the National Colour for a vast number of years; it has been worn in all our victories; it is known as the British colour all over the world; and there is no serious inconvenience in it. For troops of the line it is brilliant and imposing. It would be unwise to change it.

Colonel Luard only suggested that the Rifle Brigade and the Sixtieth Rifles should wear dust-coloured clothing. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Scarlet, manifestly, is not invisible; and the Soldier of the future, like the rich uncle in a French vaudeville, must be talked about and not seen. Still, I should like to put a case. By the time we have created an Invisible Army the other side will have become as invisible. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. But when the coming British soldier confronts his foeman and neither enemy can see the other will anybody be killed in a battle? I think that it is in Guiccardini's Italian History that the story is told of a mediæval engagement in which there was only one casualty—and that was of a man-at-arms who was engulfed in a morass, and, through the weight of his armour, sank, horse and all, below the surface, and was suffocated. To such a pitch of perfection had the Milanese armourers brought their art that nobody else was hurt.

Alas! the question which I put just now can be answered in a trice. I have seen it solved. In the Great Civil War in the United States the contending Federals and Confederates were all but invisible to each other. The "blue-bellies" could see scarcely anything of the "grey-backs." Moreover, the infantry carried intrenching tools with them, and in a pitched battle each side fought from behind earthworks. Was the result innocuous? No. Big shot and shell did their work too well; and the slaughter was habitually on a hideous scale of grandeur.

Is that admirable body the National Thrift Society, of which so many noble Lords and honourable gentlemen are patrons, still in full working order? If—as I earnestly hope—that is the case, the Society could not do better than circulate on loan among its members a certain number of copies of a work called "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," edited by J. A. Froude, which has just been issued by Messrs. Longman. Mrs. Carlyle was a most notable housewife, and frugal to a fault. Stay—I retract. Frugality cannot be faulty. Jane Welsh's forty years of married life were one long career of strict economy. Her husband seconded her in her saving system; and we know how many thousands of pounds the illustrious Thomas died worth. But the pair were very poor when they first arrived at Cheyne-row, Chelsea, where they were to live for the remainder of their lives; and that frugality which was afterwards to become a shining virtue was, in the beginning, a necessity.

They kept but a single maid of all work. Mrs. Carlyle,

"an only child" tenderly nurtured, and a woman of very high intellectual faculties, resigned herself during long years to the daily drudgery of the lowliest of lodging-house "slaves." She made the beds. She swept the rooms. She cleaned the furniture. She helped to wring out wet sheets—the philosopher's washing was done at home;—she attended to the cooking, which, perhaps, did not amount to much: the staple joint being a piece of meat baked in the oven, "and which would eat two days cold"; while the Carlylian supper was invariably a basin of Scotch oatmeal porridge.

Jane Welsh Carlyle had her reward. In one of her letters she justly prides herself on her domestic economy; and her husband, commenting, after her death, on one of her letters, observes—

Truly her pretty little brag was well intended. No such house, for beautiful Thrift, quiet, spontaneous, nay, as it were unconscious—minimum of money reconciled to human comfort and human dignity—have I anywhere looked upon where I have been.

I had forgotten that thrifty Mrs. Carlyle also made her own dresses and jackets; and in 1855, long after Carlyle had become one of the most famous of English writers, she mended his trousers. The only thing that puzzles me is to determine why, if Thomas Carlyle thought the "beautiful thrift" in Cheyne-row to be so very far superior to any other house-keeping which he had elsewhere seen, he should, whenever he had any leisure, leave his wife at home in solitude, mending his trousers and crying her eyes out, to dangle after his aristocratic friends at Bath House—"that eternal Bath House," as Jane Welsh calls the lordly mansion in her Diary. She adds that Carlyle must have walked thousands of miles between Bath House and Cheyne-row.

Still there can be no doubt that the Cherub Thrift continuously sate up aloft at Chelsea to look out for the life of the Carlyles. Unfortunately, the Cherub was unable to prevent the thrifty mansion from being haunted as continuously by Seven Devils, the fiends of Arrogance, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Ingratitude, Tyranny, and Intolerable Selfishness. These demons were installed in the library, where one of the brightest geniuses of the nineteenth century wrote his undying works. He was not accompanied by his familiars when he went abroad among the great folk. But he took them down stairs, a great deal too frequently, for the benefit of Mrs. Carlyle. The constant contemplation of her distinguished husband's indoor qualities broke the poor woman's heart at last. Even "Beautiful Thrift" will not always bring happiness, it would seem.

"If fond o' hearin' a guid Scotch anecdote gang to —" thus used to begin the advertisement of a gentleman who, some thirty years ago, gave public "entertainments," in which Scottish songs and Scottish "cracks" were divertingly mingled. Paraphrasing the entertainer's announcement, I would say, "If fond of reading the secret of a murder most artfully and artistically concealed until the very last," read the new three-volume novel, just put forth by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, "At Fault," by Captain Hawley Smart, author of "Breezie Langton," and I know not how many more "smart," healthy, picturesque, and thoroughly amusing romances. There is much more, besides the murder story, in "At Fault" which will amply repay perusal.

"Human Life," says the American prose-poet, "is like a Ship; now floating through Mellifluous Flowers, and now going down with all Hands, near Milwaukee." From Milwaukee, indeed, in the State of Wisconsin, comes to me an engraving of a new machine called "Peck's Automatic Urchin Chastiser," by means of which a gigantic mechanical hand, worked by the teacher's foot, acting on a snatch-brake, can be made to "spank" naughty children, who are hoisted by means of a crane or derrick in front of the machine, within convenient distance of the mechanical hand. "Children cry for it!" says the letterpress accompanying the diagram. The whole affair seems to be intended as an advertisement of a comic paper published in Milwaukee. I note it here, because the idea of an Automatic Urchin Chastiser, although droll enough, is not by any means new. Such a machine is described in a facetious periodical called "The Man in the Moon," edited by Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach, which was published so long ago as 1846-7. The Smith-Reach machine was "smarter" than the Milwaukee one, being "fitted with birch, cane, and strap barrels." We used to be, and are still, to some extent, ferocious in our treatment of children. The *ultima ratio* of the milder-minded American "school marm" does not go beyond an occasional spanking. Shirley Brooks used to say that the Americans rarely beat their children; but, when they did, they gave them chloroform prior to the operation.

Mem.: Shirley, as well as Albert and Angus, wrote extensively in the "Man in the Moon." So did Charles Kenney. Among the artists who illustrated the work were the famous French caricaturist "Cham" (Vicomte de Noë), G. E. Hine, subsequently renowned as an English water-colour painter, Robert Brough, Archibald Henning, and your humble servant; and it is for that reason that I have a distinct remembrance of the original "Automatic Urchin Chastiser" idea.

Good-natured friends of Mr. Edmund Yates have been giving currency in "London Correspondence" and elsewhere to a statement that the health of that gentleman has "broken down," and that he has been fain to go abroad, to Biarritz, "to recruit." I have the best authority for saying that Mr. Yates's health has not by any means "broken down"; that he only took advantage of the recent Easter recess to make, with his belongings, a brief trip to the Continent; that, having "done" Biarritz, he looked in at San Sebastian; that he is thence proceeding to Pau, for a day or two; that he hopes to be back in England by the second week in April; and that he is, physically and mentally, "as fit as a fiddle."

I read in the *St. James's Gazette*:—

In a letter to a teetotaler Lord Wolseley says:—"Although I take a

deep interest in all things relating to temperance, I am not a total abstainer, and have never claimed the character for myself; but whenever it has been found necessary to enforce on the troops under my command a total abstinence from alcohol I have invariably observed this practice."

This clear and candid statement will, I hope, satisfy the slightly too-confident gentleman who, some time back, wrote a little book called "Illustrious Abstainers," among whom he claimed Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley and Dr. Samuel Johnson—the "Who's for poonch?" doctor. The departed Sage and the living Hero could both be abstainers upon occasion; but when they chose to drink wine, and were setting no evil example by drinking, they drank it. He is the best advocate of temperance, I take it, who pursues such a course; but I am aware that one of the bugbears of the hard-and-fast teetotaler is the "moderate drinker."

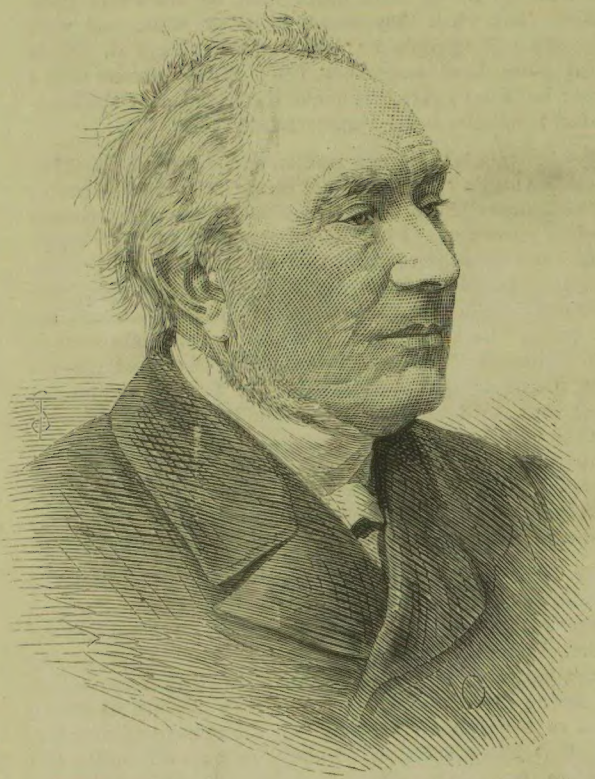
By-the-way, is there any modern and cheap edition of Dr. Robert Macnish's "Philosophy of Sleep" and the "Anatomy of Drunkenness"? the one printed fifty-three and the other fifty-four years ago. I have the first edition of the "Philosophy" and the third of the "Anatomy." The last is dedicated to "David M. Moir, Surgeon, of Musselburgh," the melodious "Delta" of *Blackwood*, and author of that exquisite little poem, "Casa Wappy." Do you remember the story in the "Philosophy" of the American lady who, during many years, habitually preached sermons in her sleep? and the young lady, aged seventeen, who would repeat long passages from the British poets while she was in a state of profound slumber? Dr. Macnish's books are of a more popular nature than the late Dr. Anstie's "Stimulants and Narcotics," a deeply learned and philosophical work, but somewhat too technical for the general reader.

Mr. Henry Irving has written a graceful and appreciative preface to a new edition of the English translation of "Talma on the Actor's Art," a little pamphlet just published by Messrs. Bickers, of Leicester-square. The profits of the booklet are to be given to the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Mr. Irving gives a summary of Talma's lessons to young actors in two golden rules: "Let the student remember, first, that every sentence expresses a new thought, and therefore frequently demands a change of intonation; secondly, that the thought precedes the word. The actor should have the art of thinking before he speaks." This postulate was very strikingly illustrated in the only lesson in elocution that I ever received; and it was from a very illustrious orator indeed. "Picture to yourself," said Lord Brougham "that your sentences are divided by semicolons, as well as commas; and then you will never come to a full stop before you wish to do so." Now, a semicolon nearly always implies the expression of a fresh thought; and the thought must be formed in the mind before the word can be uttered. Acting has never been in my line; but I have spoken in public time and again. My mere verbal memory is detestably bad. I was never able to repeat as many as twenty lines in prose or in verse by heart; and when I do speak, what I say is based on a consecutive series of mentally graphic images, some of them of the most ridiculous kind, but each symbolising a thought, and the word or expression which is to come with lightning rapidity after that thought, but is not quite simultaneous with it. And the arrangements of symbols are all duly punctuated.

Apart from Henry Irving's preface, that which to me is the most interesting portion of Talma's text is where he eulogises the efforts of his great predecessor Le Kain as a reformer of the costume of the stage. Talma himself, it is well known, did wonders in this direction. Whether, as Madame de Rémusat tells us, he really taught Napoleon the First how to hold his sceptre, and how to crown himself and Josephine at the "Sacre" in Notre Dame, I do not know; but it seems tolerably well authenticated that he had a hand in designing the Conqueror's Imperial robes. He likewise "revised and settled" and definitively ordained the shape and the manner of folding the Roman toga as worn by the actors of the Comédie Française. An article by M. Valmore, entitled "La Toge de Talma," was published in the volume for 1874 in the Paris "Gazette des Beaux Arts," and is illustrated by very lucid diagrams of the proper cut and folding of the classic toga. Talma's treatise on acting originally appeared, at Mr. Irving's suggestion, in the dramatic magazine conducted by Mr. Clement Scott. Has the Editor of "The Theatre," I wonder, ever taken note of "La Toge de Talma"? I was sick in 1874, and mostly abroad in 1875 and 1876, and rarely saw "The Theatre."

It was a singular caprice of fate that prevented the illustrious French tragedian from being a formidable rival on our own stage of Edmund Kean and Charles Young. Talma's father, you know, was a French dentist, settled in London; and Talma himself, in his boyhood, made his first appearance in French comedy at the Hanover-square Rooms, under the auspices of old Sir John Gallini, teacher of dancing to Royalty. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., pressing advised the young *débütant* to study for the English stage; but Fate (who is fond of a joke) said "No"; and Talma lived to be the *protégé* and friend of England's greatest enemy, Napoleon. When the future Emperor, out of employment, and desperately poor, was prowling about Paris, picking up a few francs now and then by drawing maps for the War Office, the friendly Talma frequently asked the impecunious soldier to his table; but when a Senatus Consultum proclaimed Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul, Emperor of the French, the actor remarked very philosophically: "I shall see no more of him." Half an hour afterwards came an aide-de-camp from his Imperial Majesty inviting Talma to dine that night at the Tuilleries, where he was always, till the crash of 1814 came, a favoured guest. At least the Bonapartes have had the merit of being grateful. There was not a Bond-street bookseller, a tailor, or a hatter who had trusted Napoleon III. with an opera stall or a suit of clothes when he was poor, that he did not remember, reimburse, and patronise munificently. The Bourbons and the Stuarts were apt to forget, in their prosperity, those who had been kind to them in adversity. G. A. S.

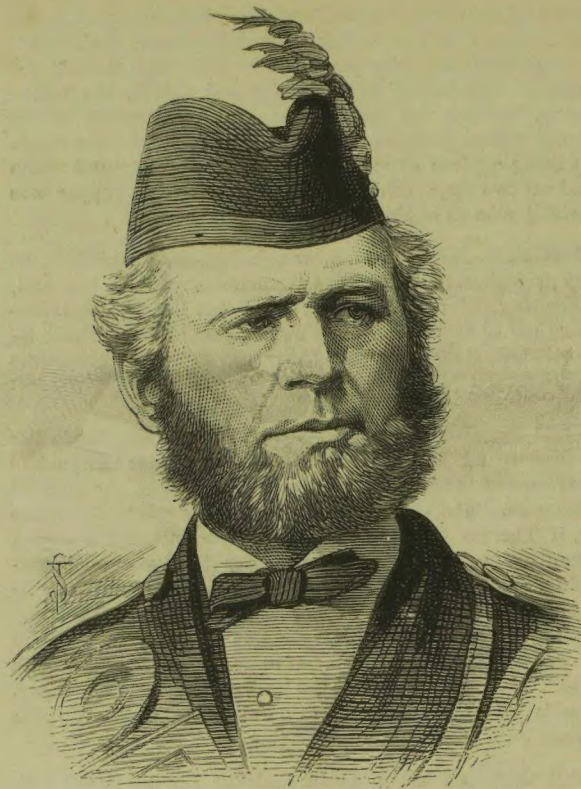




THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON JENNINGS,  
CANON OF WESTMINSTER.

#### THE LATE MR. JOHN BROWN.

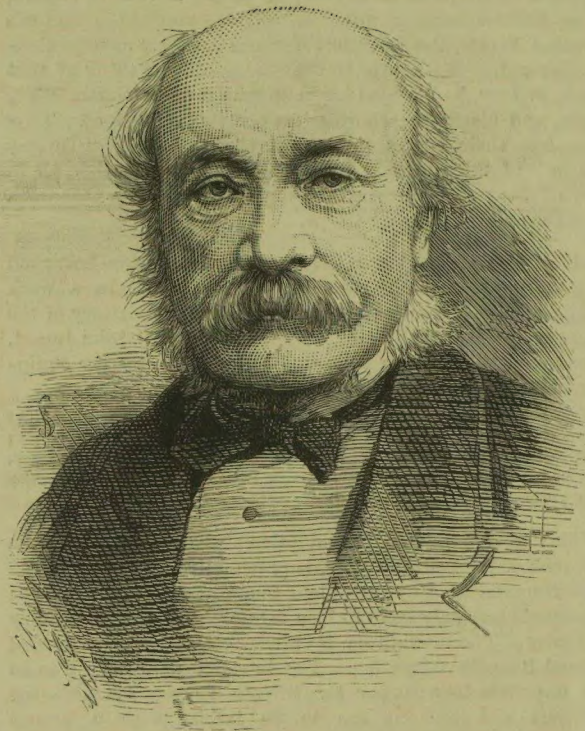
All the Queen's subjects will regret that she has lost the services of this faithful personal attendant, whose figure was well known to the public from his being constantly at hand whenever her Majesty travelled or drove out in a carriage. He died at Windsor Castle, on Tuesday week, of erysipelas supervening upon a severe cold, which he had caught some days before, when he was sent to make inquiries about the attempt on the life of Lady Florence Dixie. The *Court Circular* is instructed to express the deep regret which his death has occasioned to her Majesty and the Royal Family, and to all the members of the Royal Household. It must be observed that Mr. Brown, who was fifty-six years of age, had been more than thirty years in the service of the Queen, who,



THE LATE MR. JOHN BROWN,  
THE QUEEN'S HIGHLANDER SERVANT.

in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861," first mentions him as being one of four men who rowed her and the late Prince Consort on Loch Muick on Sept. 16, 1850. Her Majesty adds in a note:—

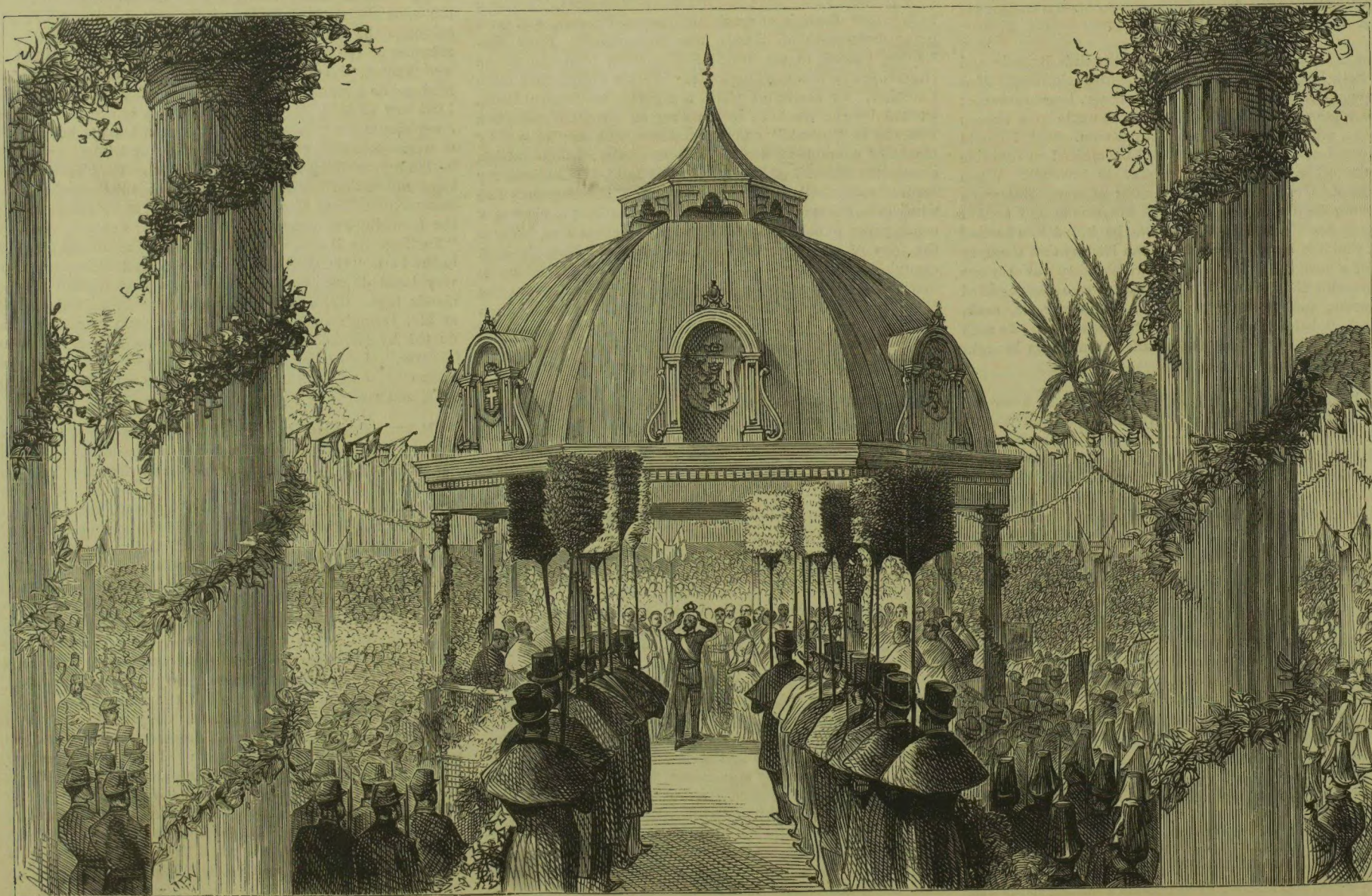
"John Brown in 1858 became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands. He commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since (in December, 1865) most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested; always ready to oblige, and of a discretion rarely to be met with." The subse-



THE LATE MR. ALFRED CLINT,  
LANDSCAPE ARTIST.

quent references to Mr. Brown in her Majesty's Journal are very frequent, pleasant, and characteristic; the Queen speaks of his rare powers as a pedestrian, on long journeys, walking five miles an hour "with that vigorous, light, elastic tread, which is quite astonishing;" of his carefulness in leading her pony over steep places in the mountains, or in crossing a ford; and of her being once carried over a wet place, at the Prince Consort's suggestion, by seating herself in a plaid, the ends of which were held by Brown and Duncan, laid over their shoulders, as they were the two strongest men of the party. Upon one occasion, as they ascended Ben Muich Dhui, in October, 1859, the Queen says:—

"Brown observed to me, in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always "content." Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I



CORONATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS (HAWAII).





J.F. WEEDON.

PROCESSION CONDUCTING THE NEW ARCHBISHOP INTO CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown said, 'Every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said, they certainly did.'

The courage and faithfulness displayed by Mr. Brown have not, so far as honours are concerned, gone entirely unrewarded. For his promptitude in defending the person of the Sovereign when attacked by the man Copnor at Buckingham Palace he was decorated with a gold medal by the Queen. He likewise received the silver medal of the Royal Household for meritorious service, and a medal from the King of Greece, as well as other distinctions. He was, it will be remembered, seated in the rumble of the Queen's carriage when Maclean fired at her Majesty at the Windsor station of the Great Western Railway last March, and never quitted his duty till his Royal mistress reached the Castle.

It is stated that Mr. Brown was born in 1826, in the parish of Crathie, Aberdeenshire, in which Balmoral Castle is situated. His father was a small farmer, at the Bush, opposite Balmoral, on the estate of Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld. The father died a few years since, at the age of eighty-two. John Brown was the second of nine brothers, three of whom, besides himself, were in the employment of the Queen; but one of them, who was valet to Prince Leopold, died some time ago. Four came to their brother's death-bed at Windsor. John Brown was much esteemed and beloved among his own people at Crathie. His body was removed thither for interment, after a brief religious service in the manner of the Scottish Church. This was conducted by the Rev. T. Orr, Presbyterian minister, in a room of Windsor Castle, on Wednesday last. The Queen and Princess Beatrice were present.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street, Pimlico.

### THE LATE ARCHDEACON JENNINGS.

The Ven. John Jennings, Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster, Rector of the parish church of St. John, Westminster, and Rural Dean, who died on Easter Monday, was eighty-four years of age. He was the only survivor of the clergy who were engaged in the services attending the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Victoria at Westminster Abbey. Having been connected with the religious establishments in that neighbourhood since 1832, he was personally well known to all its residents, by whom he was greatly esteemed. The funeral of Archdeacon Jennings, on Tuesday last, was attended in the Abbey by a deputation from the united vestry of St. Margaret's and St. John's parishes, and by many of his friends and of the inhabitants of Westminster. The service was read by the Dean, and an anthem was sung, after which the coffin was removed from the Abbey, and was conveyed to Lyne, near Chertsey, for interment in the family vault.

Our Portrait of the late Archdeacon Jennings is from a photograph by Mr. Horatio N. King, of Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's-bush.

### THE LATE MR. ALFRED CLINT.

This veteran landscape-painter, who had been obliged, during five years past, by the failure of eyesight, to desist from the practice of his art, died last week. He was born in 1807, and became a pupil of his father, George Clint, A.R.A., who died in 1854. Alfred Clint became a marine painter, and from 1847, when the Society of British Artists was founded in Suffolk-street, often exhibited his works there. He was not, however, as has been stated, a foundation member of the Society, but was elected in 1850. He proved to be an excellent man of business, and, in 1869, was elected President of the Society, a post which he held until about five years ago. Mr. Clint painted chiefly the shores of the English Channel, showing a marked preference for Jersey, Guernsey, and the coast of Sussex. He continued occasionally to exhibit at the Royal Academy, his last appearance there being in 1871, when he sent a sea-piece called "Off the Caskets." His works have been justly admired, and gained him a fair degree of reputation.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. W. Croydon, of Cornwall-road, Westbourne Park.

### THE SANDWICH ISLANDS CORONATION.

Some account was given last week of the ceremonial which took place at Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands (Kingdom of Hawaii), on Feb. 12, when their Majesties King Kalakaua and Queen Kapiolani were crowned in presence of the chief personages of the realm, and of several thousand spectators. These found accommodation in a Grand Stand, erected in front of the Royal Palace, which is a stately edifice with arcades supported by Corinthian pillars; in the centre of the inclosed space was a domed pavilion, of octagonal shape, open at the sides, and decorated with heraldic shields in colours, and with small flags of different nations. The soldiers forming the guard of honour stood close along the front wall of the Palace. Among the privileged spectators in the verandah of the Palace were the British Commissioner and Consul-General, Mr. J. H. Wodehouse, with his wife and daughter, the American, French, and other diplomatic and consular agents, and the commanders and officers of H.M.S. Mutine and other foreign ships of war. The King and Queen, with their three young daughters, were accompanied by the Marshals and Chaplain of the Household, the Chancellor (the Hon. Francis Judd), the President of the Legislative Assembly (Hon. Godfrey Rhodes), the Hon. W. C. Parke, Colonel J. H. Boyd, and the principal native officials of the Court. The Hon. J. M. Kapena, Master of the Household, made proclamation of the style and titles of his Majesty, who thereupon swore to maintain the Constitution. He received first the symbols of the ancient native chieftainship, afterwards the sword and sceptre, the ring and mantle of feathers, presented respectively by the Princes and nobles thereto appointed; the Chancellor, Mr. Judd, conducting these proceedings in due form. The crown was finally presented by Mr. Godfrey Rhodes, on behalf of the Legislative Assembly, with a similar crown (of gold, lined with crimson velvet) for Queen Kapiolani. The King took the first crown, and put it on his own head, and he next put the second crown on the head of his wife. A prayer and benediction having been pronounced by the Chaplain, the Rev. A. Mackintosh, the guns and ships fired a Royal salute, and the choir sang an anthem, which ended the proceedings for that day. Two days after this, there was another grand ceremony, the unveiling of the bronze statue of Kamchameha I., the founder of the Hawaiian dynasty.

In our notice, last week, of the life of the late Mr. Richard Lewis, Secretary of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the date of his appointment to that office should have been 1850. Mr. Lewis had for some years previously been a barrister, practising on the Western Circuit.

### ENTHRONEMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In anticipation of the great ecclesiastical ceremony performed on Thursday week, we gave a series of Sketches of Canterbury and of Canterbury Cathedral, filling three pages, besides the large View of that noble and sacred building, drawn by Mr. S. Read. We now give several Illustrations of the actual performance of these stately formalities, the induction, the installation, and the enthronement of the new Primate, in accordance with the official programme which appeared last week. The presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, as the representative of her Majesty the Queen, added to the external importance of the proceedings, as betokening a recognition of the constitutional or political connection between the highest Estate of the Realm and the Established Church of this nation.

The newly-elected Archbishop, the Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., lately Bishop of Truro, was conducted in procession at half-past ten o'clock, by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, from the Deanery into the Cathedral.

The entrance of this procession is shown in one of our Illustrations. The Town Clerk and Serjeant of Dover led the way in advance of the Mayor of that borough. The Corporation of Canterbury, in their red or blue gowns, preceded their Mayor, who was attended by his Sword and Mace. Then followed 380 clergy of the diocese, in surplice and cassock, some also wearing stoles, white or black, and the majority the hood of their academical degree. Here and there a posy of lilies of the valley might be seen fastened to a surplice, and many of the congregation wore similar flowers. After the clergy came the senior Verger of St. Paul's Cathedral, escorting the Prolocutor of the Convocation of Canterbury (Lord Alwyne Compton, Dean of Worcester), with his five assessors—Sub-Dean Clements, Canons Butler, Sumner, Douglas, and Bree—after whom walked the pastor of the French Church, in black gown over a violet cassock. Next, the venerable bedesmen, preceding the masters and scholars of the King's School in surplices. Now the strains of chant and psalm heralded the approach of the cathedral choir, Dr. Longhurst, the organist, leading the way, beating time for the four brass instruments, which gave efficient help in the singing of the hymns "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and "The Church's one Foundation," as well as the 121st and 122nd Psalms, arranged as processional chants. The remaining portion of the procession included the capitular clergy and the Bishops, wearing their scarlet hoods; those of Winchester, Durham, Rochester, Chichester, Hereford, Ely, St. Albans, and Exeter, each with his chaplain; the Bishop-elect of Truro; Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, U.S.A.; the Bishops of Ballarat, Saskatchewan, and Bloemfontein, Bishops Jenner, Alford, Perry, Mitchinson, Bromby, and Cheetham. Last of all, preceded by Bishop Parry, came the Archbishop, with the Dean on his right and the Sub-Dean on his left, the train of the Archbishop's scarlet Convocation robes being borne by two little boys, nine years old, the youngest son of his Grace and the youngest son of the Bishop of Dover, both dressed in surplices and purple cassocks, with lilies of the valley. In attendance upon his Grace were his five chaplains, the Warden of Keble College, the Head Master of Harrow School, Prebendary Cadman, Canon B. F. Smith, and the Rev. Randall Davidson; the Vicar-General of the province (Dr. Deane), the Commissary (Dr. Tristram), in scarlet robes and full-bottomed wigs; the Principal Registrar (Mr. John Hassard), Mr. Cyrus Waddilove, Registrar of the Arches Court, Mr. W. P. Moore, Registrar of the Faculty Office, Mr. Secretary Lee, the Apparitor-General (Mr. Felix Knyvett), and other legal functionaries. While the long procession slowly passed up the nave it was brightened by a flood of sunshine that poured through the unpainted windows.

Having marched up the nave and the high steps to the choir, all the ecclesiastical dignitaries took their allotted places there, the Archbishop and the other Bishops taking chairs within the altar rails, while the choristers sang the "Hallelujah Chorus." The formal proceedings were now commenced by Bishop Parry (Bishop-Suffragan of Dover), as Archdeacon of Canterbury, who administered an affirmation to the Archbishop, standing in front of the altar, that he would "maintain the rights and liberties of this Church and observe the approved customs thereof." This being concluded, morning prayer was begun by the Dean from his stall. After the First Lesson (Isaiah lxi.), read by Archdeacon Harrison, the Archdeacon left his stall, and, proceeding again to the altar steps, conducted the Archbishop, attended by the Dean and Vice-Dean, to the throne. The Vicar-General (Dr. Deane) then presented the mandate of enthronement to the Archdeacon, which was read by the Registrar (Mr. Hassard). At its conclusion the Archdeacon formally inducted the Archbishop by the customary form of address, in Latin, and concluded this with a benediction. The Archbishop remained on his throne some time, while the ordinary morning service was proceeded with; the Benedicite being sung to chants composed by Dr. Longhurst, the organist for the occasion, and the Jubilate from Mendelssohn's service in A. The Second Lesson (John xxi. 15) was read by Canon Rawlinson, the service from the Creed to the end of Third Collect being intoned by Minor Canon Helmore, the prayers after the Anthem by Canon Holland. The anthem was, "Let all men praise the Lord," from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

At the conclusion of the religious service, the Archdeacon, with the Bishop of Durham, acting for the Bishop of London, the Provincial Dean; the Bishop of Winchester, the Provincial Sub-Dean; the Bishop of Hereford, acting for the Bishop of Lincoln, the Provincial Chancellor; the Bishop of Exeter, acting for the Bishop of Salisbury, the Provincial Precentor; and the Bishop of Rochester, the Provincial Chaplain; and with the Dean and Vice-Dean, conducted the Archbishop to the Marble Chair of Augustine, in the chapel, at the extreme east end, which goes by the name of Becket's Crown. His Grace was attended here also by the Vicar-General and the Principal Registrar, while the Archdeacon again repeated the form of Induction as before, only with the addition of the word "Metropolitica." This ceremony formally constituted the Archbishop Primate and Metropolitan.

The Archdeacon then conducted the Archbishop, attended as before by the Dean and Vice-Dean, to the Dean's Stall, and placed him there, "in sign and token of his taking and having real and actual possession of the See of Canterbury and of all the rights and privileges thereof." Mendelssohn's "Te Deum" in A was then sung, and lastly, the Suffrages and a Special Prayer for the Archbishop were intoned by the Dean. The whole of the proceedings were brought to a close by the Archbishop pronouncing with a clear and distinct voice the Blessing from the Dean's Stall. The Archbishop, attended as before, then left the choir, the procession following in inverse order. On the steps outside the choir screen, the Archbishop paused, and once more pronounced the Benediction upon the immense congregation gathered in the nave beneath him, the Amen being sung by all in the choir as well as by those outside. The Archbishop then proceeded to the Chapter House, followed by the assembled Bishops, the members of the Cathedral Staff, the Deputation from Convocation, and the Clergy. Seated there in the chief seat, his Grace received

from each member of the Cathedral body his promise of canonical obedience. The assembly was then dismissed, and an account of the proceedings was signed and attested by Mr. A. Fielding, notary public.

At the conclusion of the ceremony of Enthronement, the Dean of Canterbury entertained the Archbishop and about four hundred visitors at luncheon in the library. The Dean was supported on his right by the Archbishop, and on his left by Mrs. Benson. There were also present the Bishops of Winchester, Rochester, Exeter, Ely, Durham, Hereford, St. Albans, Chichester, Colchester, Bedford, and Truro Designate; the Bishop of Dover, Bishops Oxenden, Jenner, Tufnell, Cheetham, Titcomb, the Bishop of Long Island, the Bishops of Tasmania, Antigua, Saskatchewan, and Ballarat. The Dean of Canterbury (the Very Rev. Dr. Payne Smith) proposed the health of the new Archbishop, who replied in an interesting speech, referring to the example of his predecessor, the late Archbishop Tait, whose enthronement he attended on Feb. 4, 1869, and to whom he ascribed, in a great measure, the improved condition of the Church of England, more especially in its relations to the laity. In the evening, the streets of Canterbury were illuminated. At eight o'clock, a special Easter service of song was held at the cathedral, and there was a large congregation. The Corporation of Canterbury were again present, and the Archbishop delivered a brief address.

On Friday the Primate visited St. Augustine's Missionary College, Canterbury, and King's College, and, after holding a levée in the Cathedral Library, left for London.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Opéra Comique was opened by Miss Hilda Hilton on Saturday, the thirty-first ultimo, with a performance of anything but a comically operatic order. The novelty was a drama called "Bondage," ostensibly and anonymously adapted from the French of M. "Pierre D'Alry," a dramatist who is scarcely so well known to fame as Scribe or Bayard, Brise-barre or Halévy. The leading male personage in "Bondage" is a very wicked personage, named Robert L'Estrange, a "financier," who, returning from a visit to the United States, in quest, haply, of snug "corners" in pork, grain, and well "watered" stock, finds that his wife has engaged as a governess for his little girl a lady who calls herself Miss Helen Maxwell. In the wealthy speculator the good-looking governess recognises a villain whose name is Robert Leicester, and who married her in San Francisco, and basely deserted her. As Miss Maxwell is very grateful to Mrs. L'Estrange for kindnesses shown to her she is so high-minded as to propose to retire from her bigamous husband's house without causing any public scandal; but it is only womanly that she should bitterly reproach Leicester, alias L'Estrange, with his misconduct, and her doing so arouses the jealousy of Mrs. L'Estrange, who is appeased by the explanation that Mr. L'Estrange had only made love to Helen in her early days, and jilted her. But meanwhile Miss Maxwell has had an offer of marriage from Leicester, alias L'Estrange's own brother, and she has already declined the hand of a Sir George Vincent. Ultimately, the bigamous secret of the sham L'Estrange is revealed by one Schneider, his partner, whom he has injured, and who has determined to revenge himself on his foe. The sham L'Estrange, driven, metaphorically speaking, into the tightest of places, is hesitating between flight and *felo de se*, when, just as he has confessed his criminality to his two wives, Nemesis makes her appearance in the shape of a police-officer; and the bigamist, wife-deserter, and swindler is arrested. The officer, like Mr. Chevy Chymer in the case of Jonas Chuzzlewit, incautiously allows his prisoner to retire for a few moments, and the bigamist avails himself of the brief opportunity to blow his brains out. Miss Maxwell is thus left free to marry Sir George Vincent, if she pleases; but painful perplexity involves the future of the much-injured lady, who has thought herself the legitimate wife of an already married miscreant. Miss Hilda Hilton gave much melodramatic force and passion to the part of Helen Maxwell, and Miss Nelly Bromley did her best to deserve the sympathy of the audience as Mrs. L'Estrange. The part of the wicked L'Estrange in the very capable hands of Mr. Charles Kelly was a quietly but powerfully drawn picture of remorseful gloom, while Mr. William Farren, junior, made a decided mark as the "shady" financier Schneider, who is always so very careful to repudiate his Hebrew extraction. "Bondage" was throughout very carefully acted, and great pains had been taken with the *mise-en-scène*. Whether the piece will keep the stage for any length of time is problematical.

At the Savoy a new and original one-act vaudeville, called "A Private Wire," has been produced as a *lever de rideau* preceding "Iolanthe." The telephone is the pivot on which the fun of the piece turns. The scenic arrangements permit the audience to see the interior of two rooms in two different houses, a street running between. The apartments are respectively occupied by a pair of lovers and by a young widow; but the course of true love declines to run smooth even through the medium of a telephone; and, owing to external "meddle and muddle," the latest child of science is made to set the sweethearts by the ears, and nearly to distract the young widow, who, unskilled in scientific "notions," is under the impression that there is a ghost in the telephones, and that the reproachful utterances audible to her proceed from the silent tomb, and are those of her deceased husband. The ingenious trifle is rendered additionally attractive by some very lively music, composed by Mr. Percy Reeve and vivaciously rendered by Miss Brandram, Miss S. Louis, Miss Sybil Grey, Mr. Eric Lewis, and Mr. Rowan.

"Caste" will be played for the last time at the Haymarket on Friday, the thirteenth instant. The brightest and best of the Robertsonian comedies will be followed by the farewell performances of "School," and "Fedora" is in rehearsal.

G. A. S.

At the Gaiety Theatre, next Monday afternoon, will be presented "Vice Versa," a Lesson to Fathers, in three tableaux, being a stage version, by Edward Rose, of the very successful story of the same name by Mr. Anstey, who has given Mr. Rose exclusive sanction to dramatise his story.

The Agent-General for the Cape sent out to the colony by the International steam-ship Nerbudda 195 emigrants, consisting of 144 artisans and domestic servants, 24 recruits for the Cape Mounted Riflemen, and 27 recruits for the Cape infantry. The Nerbudda sailed from Gravesend on the 22nd ult. The safe arrival at Capetown is telegraphed of the steam-ship Duke of Argyll by the party of emigrants which left England on Feb. 26.—The ship Oban Bay left Glasgow on the 30th ult. for Townsville, Queensland, with 126 single men, 48 single women, 54 married couples, 55 male children, 34 female children, 7 male infants, and 5 female infants. The Waroonga left Plymouth for Queensland on the 1st inst., having on board the following emigrants: 216 single men, 96 single women, and 216 families.—Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Nerbudda, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in December last.



## MUSIC.

## THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The present season at Drury Lane Theatre will too soon come to an end, if the announced limitation to a month from March 26 be adhered to.

Since our last notice of the performances, Beethoven's "Fidelio" has been given in an English version—and with a general efficiency that left little, if anything, to be desired. Madame Marie Roze, as Leonora, made her first London appearance in association with this company, and fully justified the praises that had been bestowed by the local newspapers on her performance of the same character during Mr. Carl Rosa's recent provincial tours. In the first act, where the faithful wife, disguised as Fidelio, seeks employment as assistant to the gaoler of Don Pizarro's Castle, believing her husband, Florestan, to be imprisoned there, Madame Roze acted and sang with genuine dramatic feeling. She gave the great scene, the invocation to Hope, with fine expression, especially the "adagio" movement. Excellent, also, was her performance in the dungeon-scene, when assisting to dig the grave before the eyes of the chained Florestan doomed to die by the dagger of Don Pizarro. In the great quartet, involving the attempted assassination and Leonora's heroic preservation of her husband, Madame Roze's singing and acting were both of a high order; her performance, indeed, having been throughout a great and genuine success. Miss Clara Perry was a charming Marcellina, and sang her music with much grace and refinement. Mr. Packard, Mr. Ludwig, and Mr. B. Davies were satisfactory representatives, respectively, of Florestan, Don Pizarro, and Jaquino—the small part of the State Minister having been assigned to Mr. H. Pope.

A paragraph apart must be appropriated to Mr. Franco Novara, who made his first appearance with this company as Rocco. Mr. Novara had previously made a successful debut as Mephistopheles in "Faust" at her Majesty's Theatre in 1881, and he confirmed the favourable impression then produced by his meritorious performance as the Gaoler in "Fidelio." He has a bass voice of good quality, and sings like a cultivated musician. The orchestral and choral features of the opera were excellently rendered. The last of the four overtures to "Fidelio" (that in E major) was given before the opera, and the third of those in C major—the grandest of all overtures—was played before the last finale. Mr. Randegger conducted with his accustomed ability, exception being taken to the tempo adopted in one or two instances—as in the Trio in the second act, which was much too slow.

Mr. A. Goring Thomas's new opera, "Esmeralda," was announced for repetition on Monday and Wednesday, the second novelty promised by Mr. Rosa—"Colomba," by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie—having been produced on Thursday, too late for our notice this week.

"Il Trovatore" was given on Tuesday, with the character of Leonora finely sustained by Madame Valleria. "Fidelio" was to be repeated yesterday (Friday) evening; and to-day (Saturday) is to be appropriated to "Esmeralda" in the morning and "Maritana" in the evening.

A concert was given at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening for the benefit of that excellent institution the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage; and on the following evening the London Sunday School Choir gave a concert at the Royal Albert Hall, in aid of the Royal College of Music.

The last of the trio concerts given this season by Herren Max Laistner (pianoforte), Emil Mahr (violin), and Otto Lew (violinello) was given on Thursday evening at the Royal Academy of Music Concert-Room.

The second concert of the new season of the Sacred Harmonic Society took place at St. James's Hall yesterday evening, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was announced.

Next week's musical announcements comprise Mr. Walter Bache's thirteenth annual pianoforte recital, at St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon; Señor Sarasate's concert, in the evening, in the same locale; a performance of Gounod's "Redemption" by Mr. Geaussen's choir on Tuesday evening in the same hall; and the second concert of Mr. Leslie's newly-organised choir on Saturday evening. Next Monday evening the Brixton Choral and Orchestral Society give, at the Gresham Hall, Gresham-road, a dramatic cantata, entitled "Alfred," the music being by Ebenezer Prout; Mr. William Lemare conducting.

The twenty-eighth performance of new compositions by the Musical Artists' Society will take place next Saturday evening, at the Royal Academy of Music.

The military concert given at the Royal Victoria Coffee-Hall by Lieutenant-Colonel Keyser and the officers of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, on March 29, was a great success. The programme for April includes a ballad concert, given by Madame Enequist, and a miscellaneous concert in aid of the funds for the Royal College of Music.

The second concert of the season by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society will take place next Saturday evening in the Royal Albert Hall, in aid of the Church Enlargement and Extension Funds of St. Michael and All Angels', North Kensington. The vocalists will be Madame Howitz and Madame Patey; and the conductor Mr. George Mount. Between the parts of the concert Mr. Samuel Brandram will recite "The Lay of Horatius" (Macaulay). Mr. J. L. Toole will also recite.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Some good will result from the rival utterances at Birmingham of the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Gibson on the one side, and the Earl of Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain on the other, if both Parties of the State are stimulated to vie with each other in an earnest endeavour to provide healthy and adequate dwellings for the poor in great cities. This is one of the most essential of reforms. The Artisans' Dwellings Act of Sir Richard Cross (for the passing of which Lord Salisbury plumed the Conservative Party, not altogether without reason) was successful in a measure in demolishing "rookeries." But it has not, unhappily, proved equally useful in building up new tenements exactly where they were required. Further legislation is now found to be necessary. Without prejudice to the bills prepared for the Lower House, it may be submitted that this is one of those social questions which might profitably be brought forward and discussed in the House of Lords. Their Lordships met on Tuesday for the first time since the Easter Recess—met to do little more than part again. Here is one subject which it would be manifestly of public advantage for the Earl of Shaftesbury, supported by his most recent convert, the Marquis of Salisbury, to deliberate upon in the House of Lords.

The times are out of joint—or, rather, joint leadership—in the opinion of Lord Randolph Churchill. So much was the self-satisfied young leader of the "Fourth Party" taken with the Marquis of Salisbury's Socialistic-Jingo speeches at Birmingham, that his Lordship wrote a characteristically cool and audacious letter to the *Times* of Monday proposing that the Salisbury-Northcote joint leadership of the Conservative Party should be put an end to, and that the noble Marquis should reign alone as Leader of the Opposition. But the complacently-delivered challenge was answered in a manner which Lord Randolph Churchill probably did not anticipate. There could be no misunderstanding the meaning of the hearty and prolonged chorus of Conservative cheers that greeted Sir Stafford Northcote on Tuesday, when he rose as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons to question the Prime Minister as to the course of public business. It was a direct and sympathetic vote of confidence in the right hon. Baronet, in whose prudent leadership the late Earl of Beaconsfield placed such absolute trust that he named Sir Stafford Northcote his successor in the Commons.

It was pleasant on the reopening day to greet Captain Gossett on his recovery from his recent illness.

In view of the important resolutions and measures about to be considered in the Lower House, it behoves Lord R. Grosvenor and Lord Kensington, the Ministerial "whips," to be rather more on the alert than they have been recently. Lukewarm "whipping" was in all probability the cause of the Government being placed in a minority in the division on Sir John Lubbock's Bankruptcy Bill the night the House broke up for the Easter Holidays. To the napping of the Ministerial "whips" on the day the Commons reassembled may, perhaps, also be attributed the defeat of the Government in the unusually small House, which declared by a majority of 18—68 to 50—in favour of Mr. Cameron's notion recommending the adoption of sixpence as the minimum price for a telegram. Mr. Fawcett's candid speech contained some instructive figures. The Postmaster-General incidentally said that the country had been called upon to pay £10,500,000 for the telegraphs when £7,000,000 would have been a large sum to have paid for the same. Correcting Dr. Cameron, who thought the loss on the first year of the issue of sixpenny telegrams might not be more than £170,000, Mr. Fawcett estimated that the change would result in a loss of £177,000 or £320,000, according to whether a free address was denied or granted. Upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer did Mr. Fawcett throw the responsibility of accepting or refusing the proposed change of scale. But, the time for revealing his Budget being so near, Mr. Childers did not think fit to sanction the reduction this year. This did not hinder the House, as already stated, from voting for sixpenny telegrams. It was to be noted that when the certainly large sums for the repairs of the Royal Palaces and Marlborough House were before the Committee the same night, Lord Randolph Churchill joined Mr. Dillwyn in energetically supporting reductions in the votes. Mr. Shaw Lefevre obtained, however, the entire sums he asked for.

The Government having promised to introduce in the present Parliament a bill or bills for the equalisation of the County with the Borough franchise, and for the redistribution of seats, it was rather unnecessary for Mr. Arthur Arnold to put the House on Friday week to the trouble of debating his abstract resolution in favour of the same changes. Hon. members indicated this opinion to Mr. Arnold by means of a count-out.

Monday saw nearly every Minister in his place. Fresh from Sandringham, Mr. Gladstone was joined on the Treasury bench by the Marquis of Hartington, who had spent Easter in Paris. Not the least bit mellowed by matrimony—to judge from his laconic answers—Mr. Leonard Courtney had also returned to the front rank of Ministers. The liveliest incident of question-time was the revival of the Kilmainham Quibble by The O'Donoghue, with the result that confusion was worse confounded by the contradictory statements of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell as to who made the first advances for the release of the imprisoned Land Leaguers. Lord John Manners secured a point by thereupon neatly interrogating the Premier as to whether he still declined to grant a Select Committee to inquire into the matter.

Sir Henry James displayed his qualities as a Parliamentary speaker to advantage on Monday. It was in a speech of lucidity and power that the Attorney-General justified the Court of Criminal Appeals Bill. Mr. John Bright, as a prominent advocate of the abolition of capital punishment, listened with deep interest to the debate, in which he did not, however, take part. The two most brilliant legal luminaries on the front Opposition bench, Sir H. Giffard and Mr. Gibson, sought to blacken every blot of the bill, which was defended with commanding ability by Sir W. Harcourt, and found favour, for obvious reasons, with Mr. Parnell. The second reading was agreed to by 132 against 78 votes; and the measure was referred to the Standing Committee on Law. The bill cannot but recommend itself to the common-sense of the community at large.

Since Mr. H. M. Stanley, the intrepid explorer of the *New York Herald*, traversed the "Dark Continent," and revealed to the world much that was unknown of the natural riches of the country through which the Congo flows, Manchester manufacturers have become more keenly alive to the advantage of securing this great African river as a free waterway for trading purposes. Hence Mr. Jacob Bright's ably introduced motion on Tuesday adverse to the annexation by the Portuguese of "territories on or adjacent to the Congo." Mr. Gladstone came to a compromise by accepting the amendment of Mr. Wodehouse to the effect that no treaty should be made "affecting territories on or adjacent to the Congo that would compromise any engagement into which her Majesty's Government may heretofore have entered, or which

would not afford adequate securities to all the civilised and commercial agencies at work in those regions." Two other important questions were also disposed of—for the time being—on the same night. Sir J. Pease's resolution regarding the opium trade with China was negatived by a majority of 60. Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir R. Cross stoutly urged that the Government should have the courage of its opinions with regard to the proposed Channel Tunnel, and declare them; but the Opposition amendment to this effect was rejected by a majority of 32; and Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to refer the vexed Channel question to a joint Committee of Lords and Commons was sanctioned by a majority of 31—106 against 72. The House met with some diffidence on Wednesday to consider Mr. Roundell's Universities' Committee Bill (withdrawn), and the Anti-Vivisection Bill, which has many humanitarian supporters and scientific opponents, and which was talked out.

Thursday was devoted to the Financial Statement, necessarily shorn of its chief attraction since Mr. Gladstone resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Mr. Childers. However, the public will be thankful for a small mercy in the shape of a little surplus. Friday was reserved to Mr. Rylands to bring the Government to book on the score of extravagant and growing expenditure. It was time the zeal of the chief spending departments for increased expenditure was curbed.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Not only have successive advances in the New York exchange on London removed all profit on the movement of gold from this side, but the money market here has come to hold a very much stronger position by reason of the quarter being now turned, and the period of dispersion having succeeded to that of accumulation in the Treasury and other inaccessible places. The Bank Rate of 3 per cent is, however, so low that the altered circumstances are more reflected by a general feeling of relief than in any change as regards the working rates of discount. These new conditions are in favour of investments of the highest class, and many of these have risen during the past week. Our own national stocks are higher, and the same has to be said of India 3½ per Cents, Liverpool Corporation Stock, and some others. In some foreign centres similar movements have predominated, and while not much is at present being done here in the stocks of other Governments, prices here have moved, nearly all important descriptions showing more or less of gain: certain South American issues form almost the only exceptions. Such securities as South Austrian Railway shares and Imperial Ottoman Bank shares have taken part in the upward movement.

In striking contrast with the experience just described has been the condition of the Railway market. Home descriptions have in most cases declined, partly owing to the unfavourable effect upon the traffic receipts of the recent frost and snow, and in some instances the abandonment of accounts for the rise has caused a reduction amounting to 2 to 3 per cent. This is the case with Brighton deferred stock, and with Lancashire and Yorkshire. Quite an exception has been North Staffordshire, which is regarded as holding a steadily improving position, and Caledonian and North British have responded to the notification that the two companies have come to agreement regarding certain disputed districts, the result of which is to be the abandonment of projected retaliatory schemes. Speculators seem to find it more than usually difficult to forecast the dividend results of the half-year, of which three months are now closed. It is supposed that to keep up the rate of the first half of 1883 the Great Eastern should earn £66,000 more, and in the twelve weeks reported upon to date the gain is £28,400. The Great Northern needs £80,000, and has so far made a loss of £6000, a very serious contrast. The Great Western has to earn £55,000 more, and to date there is a loss of £7900. The Lancashire and Yorkshire should make £62,000 more, and has so far gone back £1600. The Brighton should make £20,000 more, and so far has lost ground to the extent of £3200. The Chatham has earned £2200 more, but needs to in the half year show an increase of £20,000. The London and North-Western must add £106,000 to keep up the dividend, but so far the increase is but £22,000. In the case of the Sheffield, all necessary augmentation has practically been already obtained, the requirement being £16,000, and the gain so far being £15,200. The Metropolitan should make £26,000 more, but the gain in the twelve weeks is only £5700. The Midland needs £72,000 more, towards which £24,900 has been obtained. The North-Eastern needs less income to keep up its dividends, and has already earned £13,200 more. The South-Eastern has as yet earned £2100 towards £20,000 needed. For convenience I have taken the rate of working expenses at 50 per cent in these figures.

Fresh consternation has fallen upon holders of Grand Trunk Railway securities by reason of a very severe fall following the several favourable circumstances prevalent last week. The meeting was regarded by the friends of the stock as in favour of prices, and the revenue statement for February, published a few days since, was also received in the same light. Yet the third preference fell on last Friday from 52½ to 49. Many surmises were current in explanation; but it seems now to be generally admitted that the origin of the movement was the forced sale of large amounts of that particular stock by certain banks on behalf of speculative holders, who could not replace the margins which have disappeared during the recent decline. It is no less evident, however, that the many serious charges made against the company's position and policy are exercising a disquieting influence upon holders, and what, perhaps, is of more importance, "the market" is getting distrustful and wary. It is certain that the publicly-expressed expectations of the fusionists have not been nearly realised; it is no less certain that the recent conduct of Grand Trunk friends has seriously affronted the country and people from whom they derive all their power and prospects, and it is taken to be absolutely impossible for the most competent and unprejudiced person to estimate what will be the effect upon the company of the competition which was at first despised, and is now rarely referred to in rational terms, but which all the same grows.

T. S.

At a meeting of the Dover Town Council on Tuesday evening the Mayor presented a young man named Marsh with the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving the life of a little girl who was caught by a wave and carried out to sea.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has bestowed his patronage upon the British Home for Incurables by becoming a vice-president of this national and deserving charity, the annual festival of which will be held on the 20th inst., under the presidency of the Duke of Cambridge.

On Tuesday the Mayor and Corporation of Bath reopened the old Royal Baths of the city, which have been extended and greatly improved. Visits were also paid to the large Roman bath, which has been recently discovered, and to the new baths, which were lately erected at a cost of £14,000.

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ENTHONEMENT OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 3.

Fashionable Paris is at the present moment very much taken up with matters equestrian. The warm sunny weather that has suddenly set in—how long will it last?—encourages interminable cavalades, morning and evening, in the Bois de Boulogne, and every afternoon the trotting and jumping at the Concours Hippique attracts crowds to the Palais de l'Industrie. The Concours Hippique has never been more in vogue than in the present year; the number of horses entered is greater than ever, and the number of visitors is so great that the vast tribunes that run all round the Palais de l'Industrie are inconveniently crowded. Apart from the caprice of the *beau monde* which has pronounced the horse show to be *chic*, the important rôle given by the programme to subaltern officers contribute very largely to its success, for, thanks to obligatory military service, there are now few French families who have not sons or relatives in the army. The officers' hurdle-races are consequently followed with intense interest, and form the great attraction of the show.

There is a good deal of discussion going on in the French press about the candidature of the Duc d'Aumale for a vacant seat in the Senate. It is almost needless to say that the Duc d'Aumale is entirely a stranger to this candidature, which has been put forward by a fantastic journalist or adventurer—in France the terms are often synonymous—named Hippolyte Olivier. M. Olivier is at the head of a newspaper combination managed in a curious manner. He prints at Paris a newspaper, the title of which has fifty-three variations while the text remains the same. The bundle of these journals sent to Limoges, for instance, would be called *le Patriote Limousin*; the bundle sent to Nancy would be called *l'Echo Lorrain*. M. Olivier is thus able to represent himself as being at the head of fifty-three provincial journals advocating Monarchical-Constitutional principles. The programme of this ingenious gentleman at present is to provoke an Orleanist agitation by constantly proposing the candidature of the Duc d'Aumale for every important office, in the hope of finally getting the Duc d'Aumale appointed Regent of France until the Comte de Chambord dies, when the Comte de Paris would legally and regularly ascend the throne, and society would be saved. The Duc d'Aumale, whose only desire seems to be to live quietly amidst his books and pictures, must feel considerably irritated by his position of "candidat malgré lui," for M. Olivier argues that the Princes belong to the country just as much as the country belongs to them. It is announced that the Duc d'Aumale is about to pass some months in Sicily, and that he has sold Chantilly to an English Lord, in anticipation of future difficulties.

The Monasterio trial has ended in a declaration of incompetency on the part of the tribunal to judge the widow Monasterio and her accomplices. The consequence of this decision will be a regular inquiry as to the present situation of Fidelia de Monasterio, and in case it be found that she is still sequestered the widow Monasterio and her accomplices will be tried before the Court of Assize. The evidence given in this first trial has shown that the lunacy laws of France are in a desperately unsatisfactory state. The matter has been discussed to a certain extent in the press, but whether on that account the Chamber will deign to reform the old law of 1838 it would be difficult to say. The French have such short memories that the most burning questions are apt to get buried at the end of a week's agitation.

Notes and News.—Louise Michel was arrested on Friday on the charge of leading an armed mob and inciting them to the pillage of bakers' shops on the occasion of the recent manifestation of the Anarchists at the Invalides. Louise Michel is now in St. Lazare prison awaiting her trial or her discharge, perhaps, for it is hardly expected that a case will be made out against her.—The pianist Henri Ketten died in Paris on Sunday.—The well-known vaudevillist M. Alfred Delacour died last week, at the age of sixty-eight. M. Delacour wrote an immense quantity of pieces for the Palais Royal, the Gymnase, and the Variétés Theatres, mostly in collaboration with Labiche, Siraudin, Lambert, Thiboust, &c.—Charpentier has just published a very interesting journal of an officer who served in Bonaparte's Egyptian campaign. The title is "L'Armée Française en Egypte." The simple memoirs written day by day give a truer and more vivid idea of what service under Bonaparte really was than a dozen volumes of ponderous history.

The marriage of the Infanta Maria della Paz and Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria was celebrated on Monday in the chapel of the Royal Palace, Madrid, with the usual state ceremonies, in the presence of a large number of distinguished guests. The Patriarch of the Indies officiated. The bride was attired in a silver and white dress, the present of the King, and valued at £2000. The Prince wore a Bavarian uniform. The Queen, the Princesses, and the Queen-Mother were in full Court toilettes, with mantles and white mantillas. The bride is aged twenty, the bridegroom twenty-four. They are first cousins on the father's side. Her dower is £80,000, and £6000 annually from the Civil List. Presents have been given by the Royal families of Spain, Bavaria, and Austria.

The fourth centenary of the birth of Raphael was celebrated in Rome last week. The King and Queen were present in the hall of the Horatii and Curiatii, in the Capitol. Some particulars and illustrations of the ceremony are given in this Number.

On Tuesday the Emperor William went out for a drive for the first time since his recent illness.—The Imperial Parliament reassembled on Tuesday after the Easter holidays. The President announced the receipt of a further sum of 97,000 marks, from Germans living in the United States, on behalf of the victims of the Rhine inundations.—Prince Bismarck completed his sixty-eighth year on Sunday. Prince William of Prussia called personally to present his congratulations; the Crown Prince sent an autograph letter and the Empress a large bouquet. All the foreign Envoys left their cards, and messages were received from nearly all the European Sovereigns.

A bazaar has been held at Hamburg in aid of the English and American Sailors' Institute, founded there six years ago by English and American residents. The objects competed for in the lottery included three presents from the Crown Princess of Germany.

An Alexandria telegram states that 759 claims, amounting to the total sum of £233,000, have been admitted by the International Indemnity Commission.

The discovery of a Nihilist rendezvous in St. Petersburg is reported. Eight men were arrested and one committed suicide. Three of the captors were wounded. A quantity of dynamite is said to have been found on the premises.

The Greek Chamber on Monday passed the bills imposing a tax on beer and spirits, and providing for the appointment of a Regent in the event of the King travelling abroad. The Minister of Finance subsequently introduced the Budget for the new financial year, according to which the revenue is estimated at 72,133,610 drachmas, and the expenditure at

72,011,648 drachmas.—Last Saturday the trial of the two brigands concerned in carrying off Mr. Suter, near Salonica, two years ago, was brought to a close at Athens by the condemnation of one bandit to twenty years' imprisonment and the transportation of the other to Turkey.

President Arthur having submitted to his Cabinet a communication from the British Minister in respect to the proceedings of the Irish leaders in the United States, asked that their advice might be furnished to him in writing. At the next meeting the Ministers were found to be unanimous in the opinion that, in the present situation of affairs, the United States Government was not justified in interfering with the Irish sympathisers in America. The President adopted this as his decision, and communicated to that effect to Mr. West.—General Grant has been elected President of the National Rifle Association.—The safe at the Academy of Music, New York, where Mr. Mapleson is giving a series of operatic performances, has been robbed of a sum exceeding £4000.—A train on the Cincinnati Southern Railway ran off the line last week, while going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The train went down an embankment to a depth of fifty feet. Fifty-three persons were injured.

Advices from Bermuda report that Princess Louise will not leave the island until May, when her Royal Highness will go to Halifax in her Majesty's ship Northampton.—In the sitting of the Dominion House of Commons yesterday week, Sir S. Tilley, Finance Minister, in introducing the Budget, congratulated the House upon the excellent financial position of the country. He said that the Government were able to redeem the debt falling due, leaving a balance of over 2,000,000 dols. The Minister pointed out that among Colonial securities those of Canada stood first on the list. Until the Canadian Pacific Railway was finished it would not, he said, be necessary to apply to England for a loan. In Monday's sitting, Sir J. Macdonald stated that no offer had been made to Sir C. Tupper to succeed Sir A. T. Galt as High Commissioner for the Dominion in London. The Premier announced that the Dominion Government had determined to establish a signal service in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the interest of shipping.—The Queen has approved of Lieut.-General Lord A. Russell, C.B., being appointed to command the troops in Canada from May 24 next, in succession to General Sir P. Macdougall, K.C.M.G.

Mr. Bruce Lockhart Burnside, Queen's Advocate for the Island of Ceylon, has been appointed Chief Justice of that island.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty continues to suffer from the effects of her recent accident, and is still unable to walk, although she drives out daily. In consequence of the state of the Queen's health all her engagements for the present month have been given up. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to see the Queen last Saturday, upon their return from the Continent, remaining to luncheon. The Duke and Duchess of Albany, with their daughter, Princess Alice, left Windsor on their return home to Claremont. Divine service was performed in the private chapel on Sunday by the Rev. Canon Boyd Carpenter, Princess Beatrice attending.

In compliance with a petition from the Prince of Wales and others, the Queen grants a charter of incorporation to the Royal College of Music.

The funeral of the late Mr. Arthur Wellesley at Clewer churchyard was attended by the Hon. Horatia Stopford, representing the Queen; wreaths being placed on the coffin by her from her Majesty and Princess Beatrice. Princess Christian, who was in the church at the service, and followed with the mourners to the grave, also laid a wreath upon the coffin. The Duke of Albany was represented at the funeral. The remains of the late Mr. John Brown were removed from the Castle on Tuesday for interment in Crathie kirkyard on Thursday, a short service being held in the Grand Hall preceding the departure. Among the wreaths contributed upon the occasion was one from her Majesty and another from the Empress Eugénie.

During the Easter recess the Prince and Princess of Wales entertained a large party at Sandringham, including the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Teck, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson, and the Premier and Mrs. Gladstone. The Archbishop assisted at Divine service on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalen's Church in the Park; their Royal Highnesses, with their daughters and their guests, attending.

Princess Christian presented at the Albert Institute, Windsor, on Monday the prizes and certificates recently awarded to the students of the local art classes. On the following day the Prince presided at the annual dinner in connection with Mr. Garth's Hunt at Wokingham.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present at the performances of "Fidelio" and "Esmeralda" by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury Lane Theatre; and they have also been to Toole's Theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany have consented to visit the National Orphan Home, Ham Common, Surrey, during the summer, on which occasion her Royal Highness will distribute Lady Peck's prizes. They have expressed their intention of attending the Leeds Musical Festival next October, the Duke having promised to preside.

The King and Queen of the Netherlands and Princess Wilhelmina, who left The Hague on Monday for England, went from Flushing in their yacht Valk to Sheerness, where they landed on Tuesday, and proceeded by train to Walton-on-Thames on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the latter being the Queen's sister.

## THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 25' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Miles.	In.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 5 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.		
March	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°	°				
25	29.579	35.8	24.8	66	3	43.1	29.0	N. W.	257	0.000	
26	29.238	37.5	24.5	60	5	44.4	31.2	N. W.	223	0.015	
27	29.022	34.8	23.2	72	6	42.9	27.0	N. W.	195	0.010	
28	30.104	35.9	23.9	63	3	43.6	27.7	N. W.	163	0.000	
29	29.946	41.5	29.6	64	8	45.1	28.6	N. W. S.	423	0.085	
30	29.421	45.7	44.4	85	8	52.1	41.2	S. W. S. W.	464	0.080	
31	29.962	42.1	33.4	71	5	53.4	31.6	W. S. W. N. W.	135	0.010	

\* Snow. † Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m. :—

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.770	29.239	29.492	30.009	30.092	29.420	29.907
Temperature of Air	35.2	37.3	37.1	37.2	45.1	47.2	47.2
Temperature of Evaporation	32.5	32.5	33.1	—	37.6	46.0	46.0
Direction of Wind	N. W.	N. W.	N.	N.	S.	S.	W. S. W.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Contrary to what would be expected, the spring exhibition in Suffolk-street is not superior to that of last winter, if indeed it does not fall short of it. The hanging may have something to do with the less favourable impression now conveyed, seeing that some of the most prominent places are occupied by the stereotyped, the pattern kind of picture, which the monopolists who nearly brought this society to ruin were wont to exhibit. Still there is much to testify to the infusion of new blood; and the show presents some special features of interest, for it reveals the tendencies of certain sections of our youngest artists.

The influences to which some of the more marked of these tendencies are clearly traceable are two—that of the Scotch school and that of the recent French school, mediately through the former, or directly. The exhibition lately opened at Glasgow evinced the existence of an extended taste for French art in Scotland, and that taste has had considerable influence on the younger Scotch painters. The accession of several Scotch painters to the Suffolk-street Society is due, no doubt, to Mr. John Barr having joined the body, and shortly afterwards become its President. There is, however, nothing French in this painter's "Fourteenth of February" (476)—an old cobbler, the head very vigorously painted, regarding with delight a valentine he has received. This is painted, at least to some extent, in accordance with the older traditions of the Scotch school. To the same origin may be referred A. Frazer's study of "Queen Mary's Room, Holyrood" (334). The practice undergoes a modification in "The Wanderer's Song" (440), by Tom Graham—a gipsy-girl singing, to the accompaniment of her guitar, to three rustics. The faces here are fairly complete; that of the girl is indeed "quite too" pretty, but all the rest is "knocked in" with a studied slightness reminding us of Mr. Orchardson, though lacking his refinement of colour. A further, or rather new, departure has been made by Mr. John Reid (who, however, is conspicuous by his absence), followed by his accomplished and rising sister, Flora M. Reid, and John White—see his "Norfolk Pastoral" (207). Miss Reid's "Sunning their Sails" (166)—a flock of cobbles, with sails unfurled, lying in a calm, sunny cove, viewed from a cliff—is specially noteworthy, and indicates a fine eye for colour and effect. These painters are not content with the conventional streaky mode of "knocking in"; they go direct to nature, and try to hit her pitch of tone, and match her every local hue, with a full pencil. Their principles resemble those of the French impressionists. They are satisfied if they convey a vivid general impression, though they are not so utterly oblivious of detail, and do not leave so much for the spectator's eye to adjust in focus, as M. Monet, for example, whose phenomenal collective works we saw the other day in a gallery on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris. The example of these painters seems to have affected, or corresponding principles to have actuated, several other promising painters here, including F. Whitehead, Leslie Thompson, O. Dalziel, and A. Glendinning—whose little picture of children gathering "May Flowers" (268) is daintily pretty, and more finished than others of the class in which we name it. H. H. Cauty, too, combines more attention to incidental effect with the aim at force than heretofore; the effect of sunlight in his "Foraging Party" (373)—on the rough pavement and eaves of the farm outbuildings and its reflection on the white geese—are very truly rendered. G. de Breanski also, if less taking and pleasing, is more faithful and artistic in "Morning—Herring-boats at Anchor" (81). A few contributors seem more directly under French influence—of whom we may name W. A. Brakespear in "A Sunny Day, Brittany" (29). A work of entirely foreign origin and a very skilful one, but not to be included in the preceding category, is "The End" (73), by A. Laupheimer—a Jesuit church interior rich in gilding and marbles, with a priest blowing out the votive tapers of departed worshippers.

W. C. Symons and Edwin Ellis present some affinity to the impressionists. The former endeavours to adjust each touch to the infinite local variety of nature; but he has an ideal of treatment which stands somewhat in the way. His "Early Morning—Halford Creek" (338) is, however, not a very favourable example; and his figure-subjects are usually preferable. Mr. Ellis's preoccupation seems to be to obtain the strongest possible contrasts of effect, and utmost intensity of colour, but until he learns to attain these with more exact differentiation of the hues and tints of the objects represented, we cannot allow ourselves to be startled into credulity by colourist potentialities, which he nevertheless unquestionably evinces. He has, however, made a marked advance in "Cornwall" (280). It is nearer Mr. Hook's work than anything we had seen of his. The sandy beach is very true in tone; and the right-hand position as real as it is powerful.

But the aims and methods we have been considering appear to be less applicable to figure-subjects than to landscape. More attention to detail, a nicer discrimination in modelling, are required in treating the figure than these and other contributors are able or willing to bestow. Imperfect draughtsmanship of the figure is but too obvious throughout the exhibition, and betrays the defective training still chargeable to the mass of our younger as well as our more *rangé* painters. However, there are a few figure-pictures which may be commended. Mr. Holyoake's "Customers" (104) contains a well-modelled female figure, broad in effect and good in colour. Mr. Henley has two or three very meritorious monastic subjects. The faces of Mr. Hayllar's country "goodies" and yokels are admirably characterised, though we should prefer a less clean and smooth mode of execution. A capital piece of droll rustic character—English time, and just escaping caricature—is H. Helmick's "Chimney Corner" (357\*) of a country inn, where a couple of lean village sages are in confabulation. Mr. Haynes King's "Cracking Jokes" (197), a larger canvas than usual with him, containing several figures, has agreeable qualities of colour and execution. A. Ludovici's "Pleasant News" (315), a girl reading a letter in a sunny casement, is artistic if a little unreal; and A. Ludovici, jun., has made a further considerable advance in "The Singing Class: Signor Crevello's Academy" (251).

A few landscapes, &c., of merit remain to be noticed, particularly Stuart Lloyd's picture (268), representing the moon rising while the last flush of afterglow lingers over the scene; J. E. Grace's "Farm on the Common," G. S. Walters's "Off the French Coast: Fishermen assisting a Vessel into Harbour" (354), in a harmonious key of grey colour—a refreshing change from his familiar sunlight marine pieces; W. L. Wyllie's "Timber Ships Towing to a Berth" (378), and C. W. Wyllie's "Washing Day at Etaples" (424)—both noteworthy for their faithful observation; J. Peel's "Eagle Crag, Borrowdale" (257), impressive in effect, but rather mannered in colour; J. S. Noble's powerfully and deftly-painted picture of two horses feeding, while geese drag the green fodder from their trough, entitled "Uninvited Guests" (272); small pictures of dogs by J. Charlton; and amusing cat subjects by H. Coudery. A word of praise is likewise due to each of the following:—W. Griffith, Stanley Berkeley, A. W. Bayes, Paul Knight, F. L. Grace, Kate Amplett, Ellen Brock, Jessica Hayler, and H. B. Jones—not to mention



popular favourites at this gallery whose styles are well known. Sir John Gilbert contributes a presumably early but powerful picture of "Pevensey Church" (300), under evening effect. Mr. Dobson sends a rustic boy with an armful of "Buttercups" (154), and Mr. Frith a small portrait of the late Mr. Creswick, the landscape-painter.

We have not space to dwell on the contents of the Water-Colour Room, but we should mention that there are a very powerful study of a "Shepherd of Jerusalem at Devotion," by Carl Haag; some effective subjects about Barmouth, by Bernard Evans; and drawings worthy of attention by A. W. Weedon, John Scott, H. Maxwell, Arthur Willett, W. G. Addison, H. Caffieri, Wyke Bayliss, A. East, Haynes King, and J. Watkins. The sculpture includes, besides works in marble by G. Halse, F. Junck, and J. A. Raemaekers, several clever terra-cottas by T. N. MacLean, H. Barrett, and F. Winter.

### THE FRENCH GALLERY.

This pleasant gallery in Pall-mall, notwithstanding that it now has many competitors, still maintains the lead as representing, within the dimensions of "cabinet," or, at most, "easel" pictures, the flower of Continental art. In recent years, it is true, the title given to it by its first *entrepreneur*, Mr. Gambart, has been somewhat of a misnomer, so large has been the proportion of works from Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and Italy. The innovation, however, has been by no means an evil; for so excellent are many of the painters of those countries that they well deserved to be introduced to the stay-at-home British public. But on this occasion there is a larger proportion than usual of French works; and more especially welcome are the examples of the deceased landscapists Troyon, Corot, Diaz, and Theodore Rousseau. For not only are these painters more distinctively characteristic of the French school at what we must consider its best period within living memory, but they represent ideal aims which are fast being replaced (as with us) by realism, or by an equally unselective and often more vulgar rendering of the mere visual impression. We say that the landscape painting of these masters is more characteristic of the school; nevertheless its origin is traceable to England—to our own Constable, Bonington, and Crome. Of this the French themselves are aware, and often acknowledge. Our great landscapists (Turner excepted) were understood and admired on the other side of the Channel before they were fully appreciated here. The exhibition of some works of Constable at Paris during his lifetime created a revolution in the practice of certain of the rising French landscapists; and Bonington became at once their idol.

The Troyon now exhibited is "The Ferry," with cattle just landed from the boats, and the whole scene suffused with morning sunlight. About twelve years ago it was exhibited here, and did not find a purchaser at four hundred pounds; now it would certainly command as many thousands. It is lent by Mr. Charles Waring. The Corots are full of the dreamy suggestiveness of his latest style. The examples of Diaz and Rousseau are less important. Turning to living French artists, there is a not very recently painted "Haymaker," by Bouguereau, perfectly drawn and modelled, but waxen in the flesh, and entirely artificial. No toiling in the fields was ever the lot of this ladylike model. The laborious French *paysanne* is far better realised in the rather large picture, "The Harvest of the Poor" (147)—a party of gleaners—by P. Billet, a pupil of Jules Breton, but who, in this picture and in other recent works at Mr. McLean's gallery in the Haymarket, seems to have been influenced by Bastien Lepage. But there is no touch here of the sentiment of Jules Breton's picture of "Gleaners" in the twilight: it is a vivid piece of realism, somewhat marred, however, in composition by the monotonous attitudes of the women, who are all stooping at the same moment. A. Maignon's "La Repudiée" is a noteworthy picture; but his merits as a colourist are, perhaps, better shown in the novel arrangement of hues in the life-size half-length, entitled "Le Reliquaire." Edouard Frere's technique is not what it was, but some of the old charm lingers in two or three child subjects. F. Heilbuth is thoroughly French as ever in "Une Promenade sur l'Eau-Boulevard," but the work is slight, though beautiful in its grey harmonies. Two pictures by H. S. Mowbray have an aspect of artistic completeness; but scrutiny of their details reveals that the artist has yet much to learn. He is an American; but, like many of his compatriots, has entirely lost his nationality by study in the French capital.

The most powerful and masculine piece of painting here is again from the hand of the Viennese master Professor Muller. The subject is "An Arab School"—groups of boys, squat, cross-legged, under the fierce Egyptian sun, in the court of a ruined mosque, with their tablets and inkhorns before them, under the surveillance of a stern master, walking about stick in hand. The contrasts of sunlight and sharply-defined shadows, the unflinching grasp of character, and the potency of the colouring are beyond all praise. In the room up stairs are a number of sketches by the same, which show how conscientiously he has, as he must have, studied the materials for such faultless, masterful work. F. A. Kaulbach's life-size half-length, "A Venetian Beauty," is Venetian in colouring as well as in the accessories. A figure by the same painter of a girl in white, seated in the diaphanous half-shadow of birch-trees is also charming in colour, though in an entirely different key. By Seiler there is a very cleverly conceived and executed little picture of "Rembrandt in his Studio"—the great master engaged on "Descent from the Cross," and negotiating a sitting from the turbaned rabbi that appears in the foreground of the picture. "A Silvery Eve" and a companion landscape, by Karl Heffner, present the combined refinement and force we have been accustomed at this gallery to see in the works of this accomplished artist. The second picture exemplifies the extraordinary skill with which he renders the recession of the flat Bavarian plains. Other noteworthy German pictures are Defregger's "Zither Player," which, however, has been exhibited before; Von Bochman's "Horse Fair, Hungary," very happy, as usual, in its tonality. Keisel's "Shall I?"—similar in motive to Millais' "Yes, or No," though widely different in treatment, and works by Ochmichen, Schachmeyer, Kauffman, and others.

Of the Italian, or Hispano-Roman school, there is a very sprightly, vivacious picture by R. de Madrazo—"Une Matinée Musicale"—painted in close rivalry of his brother-in-law, Fortuny. It is a studio scene, with a female model singing and accompanying herself on the guitar, in perfect abandon, to a couple of toreadors. The figures are full of life, and, needless to say, costumes and accessories are touched, and the brightest colours reconciled with rare decision, crispness, and sense of harmony. There are also two small pictures by Quadroni, the so-called Italian Meissonier, a head by Tamburini, and "The Farmer's Daughter," by Chialiva. By E. de Blaas, a rising young Flemish painter, who owes something to the influence of Van Haanen, there is a clever picture of "A Wedding During the Carnival, Venice"—a scene in a room after the wedding breakfast, into which, with the license permitted at carnival time, a masked harlequin has entered, and felicitates the bride in a way which seems to embarrass

the young couple. The most important Dutch picture is Israel's "Churchwarden," an old fellow casting up accounts in company with his wife—their uncomely but honest faces seeming to add a pathetic homeliness to the common-place incident.

The Spring Exhibitions at the galleries of Messrs. Tooth and Mr. McLean were also opened on Monday last, but we must reserve our notices of these till next week.

An announcement will appear in our next of some of the principal pictures intended for the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery exhibitions.

### THE CHURCH.

No tickets will be issued this year for reserved seats in the choir at the Sunday evening services of Westminster Abbey.

The Bishop of Exeter delivered his triennial visitation address at Plymouth on Tuesday, chiefly devoting himself to hostile criticism of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

The Rev. Dr. Stokoe, Head Master of King's College School, has been chosen morning preacher at the Foundling Hospital Chapel, in the room of the late Rev. J. W. Gleadall, who held the office for upwards of thirty years.

Some disturbance was caused at St. Matthew's Church, Sheffield, by Mr. Wynn, the people's warden, attempting on Monday morning to prevent certain ceremonies in the communion celebration, declaring himself determined to put a stop to them.

The Vicar of Ince, near Wigan, has received £5000 from an anonymous donor, a gift for church work, as an expression of his profound and heartfelt gratitude to Almighty God for the prosperity with which he has been visited. Another person has forwarded £2000 to the Vicar for church purposes.

The Bishop of Oxford presided at Banbury, yesterday week, over a meeting called to protest against any proposal to legalise marriage with a deceased wife's sister. A resolution in conformity with the object of the gathering was proposed by Lord Beauchamp and adopted.

The Convocation of the Province of York met in full Synod in York Minster on Tuesday—the Archbishop presiding. A resolution declining to express an opinion as to the merits of the Revised New Testament, but thanking the revisers for their labours, was passed. Various matters were afterwards discussed.

The death is announced of the Hon. Mrs. Monsell, formerly Superior of the Rev. Canon Carter's House of Mercy at Clewer, out of which arose the great charitable organisation known by the name of the community of St. John the Baptist, which now numbers over two hundred sisters, and extend all over England, and even to America and India.

The ancient parish church of Halesowen was yesterday week reopened by the Bishop of Worcester, after undergoing extensive restoration in memory of the late Rector, Archdeacon Hone. After his death, eighteen months ago, it was decided to restore and enlarge the church, under Sir Gilbert Scott, so as to accommodate 150 more worshippers. The whole of the restoration has been carried out at a cost of £3200.

Countess Stanhope yesterday week laid the foundation-stone of works for enlarging Holsworthy church; and Earl Stanhope, who is on a visit to his Devonshire estates, whilst presiding at the luncheon in connection with the ceremony, alluded to the great progress that had been made in Church improvement throughout the country in the last few years, and said that when history came to be written it would be recorded, among other things, that this was distinctly an age of Church restoration. The Rector of Holsworthy has rebuilt the chancel, at a cost of £1200, and the work now undertaken by subscription will involve another £2000.

Writing to Canon Trevor, D.D., Rector of Beeford, near Driffield, with reference to an alleged refusal on the part of a local registrar to allow a child registered by the name of "Iphigenia" to be christened by the name of "Effie," the Registrar-General says: (1) That it is not requisite to give any name to the registrar on registering the birth of a child, and if a name be given, a child may be baptised by another name; (2) that a registrar is obliged to enter the baptismal name in his register on production of a baptismal certificate within twelve months, on payment of a fee of 1s.; (3) that a baptismal name (the true Christian) supersedes the other.

A public meeting was held at Cardiff yesterday week in aid of the proposed memorial to the late Bishop of Llandaff. Lord Aberdare presided, and bore eloquent tribute to the worth of the late Bishop as a considerate and staunch Churchman, and to the remarkable development of spiritual work which had taken place in the diocese during his episcopacy. The great success which had attended his efforts was due to the confidence which was reposed in him by Churchmen in Wales. It was decided that the memorial should be monumental, and be erected in the Llandaff Cathedral graveyard, where the deceased prelate is buried. If there should be any surplus, it is to be devoted to the founding of a library.

The Hon. and Rev. A. G. Douglas, brother to the Earl of Morton, has been elected Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, in succession to the late Bishop Suther.

At the opening of the General Synod of the Irish Church, Dublin, on Tuesday, the Primate delivered an address, in which he reviewed the history and fortunes of the Protestant Church in Ireland. Though separated now from the Church of England, it was bound to it by a spiritual union which was beyond the dictation of the Legislature.

At the Archbishop's house, Westminster, on Tuesday, most of the Roman Catholic Bishops of England and Wales assembled in annual meeting, under the presidency of Cardinal Manning. The sittings of the Bishops are held in private; the matters discussed referring mainly to church discipline and ecclesiastical administration. In the evening the Cardinal held the reception which always takes place in connection with the annual meeting of Bishops, and it was largely attended by members of the Roman Catholic aristocracy.

The chief stone of a Roman Catholic church was laid at Exeter last week by Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth. The site is close to the cathedral. The edifice will cost £10,000.

A numerous attended conference of the Methodist churches of North Wales was held at Bangor last week, under the presidency of Mr. R. Davies, M.P., and Mr. J. Roberts, M.P. The establishment of the college for North Wales was discussed, both presidents promising £1000 towards meeting the Government grant of £4000.

Both at Aldershot and at the Chelsea Barracks Egyptian war medals have been presented to the troops who had been engaged in that campaign. Those distributed at the latter place were sent from the Khedive. Major-General Higginson, C.B., commanding the Home District, yesterday week distributed the Khedive's bronze medal to the officers and men of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, at Wellington Barracks.

### HOME NEWS.

Military sentries have now been posted at most of the Government offices in London.

At a general assembly of the Royal Academy of Arts held last week Mr. Frank Holl, painter, was elected an Academician.

Lord Derby was on Monday elected a member of the Devonshire Club.

The fourth annual exhibition of appliances connected with the building trades opened at the Agricultural Hall on Monday.

A naval pension of £30 a year has been awarded to Captain Edward Bond H. Franklin.

A salmon weighing 42lb. was caught last week in the Hants Avon, between Ringwood and Christchurch.

During the past week five steamers with live stock on board, and the same number with fresh meat, arrived at Liverpool from the United States and Canada.

Exceptionally high tides are prognosticated on the Thames from the 7th to the 11th inst. If north or north-west winds prevail about the time, an overflow may be feared.

The loss by worn silver withdrawn from circulation last year amounted to not less than £35,000. This sum represents the deficiency in weight by wear in circulation.

At the Cheshire Quarter Sessions, held at Knutsford, on Monday, Lord Egerton of Tatton was unanimously appointed chairman of the court in the place of the late Lord.

A fancy ball in aid of the French Hospital and of the Italian Benevolent Society was given on Wednesday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern.

Mr. Charles Clarke, Chief of the Egyptian Telegraph Department, has been appointed a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The Earl of Rosebery has forwarded £100 to the fund being raised at the Mansion House for the relief of the destitute poor in Western Scotland. The fund amounts to over £2200.

Mr. James Dickinson, Q.C., succeeds the late Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, as Treasurer of the Society of Lincoln's Inn.

The Duke of Westminster presided over a meeting at Chester last Saturday for the purpose of furthering the erection of a national monument on the Thames Embankment to William Tyndale.

Lord Alcester was on Tuesday presented with the freedom of the Cutlers' Company, in recognition of his distinguished services in the late war in Egypt, and was afterwards entertained at dinner.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor gave his third astronomical lecture, "The Moon as Satellite and as Planet," on Wednesday evening, at St. James's Hall; his fourth lecture, "Planets and their Families," being announced for this evening.

Mr. Whitworth, M.P., and Alderman Connall waited upon Lord Wolseley at the War Office yesterday week, and presented him with the freedom of Drogheda, in compliance with a resolution passed by the Town Council in October last.

At the annual meeting yesterday week of the Governors of University College Hospital, Gower-street, it was stated that at the close of the past year there were debts of £8000 owing by the institution, and an appeal was made for support.

A full meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute took place on Monday evening, when a paper on the arguments in regard to "The Descent of Man," by Archdeacon Bardsley, was read.

After meeting all claims, it was stated, at a meeting of the subscribers to the Alhambra Employes Relief Fund on Monday, that there remained a balance of £976, which it was resolved to divide among theatrical benevolent institutions.

Mr. Thomas William Snagge has been appointed Judge of the County Courts for Yorkshire (West Riding), in the room of Mr. Giffard, who has succeeded the late Mr. Fortescue as Judge of the Devonshire circuit.

The first of the foreign goods to arrive for the Great International Fisheries Exhibition have been from the Chinese. They were delivered in the building at South Kensington, accompanied by two Chinese carpenters, and filled six waggons.

The Duke of Cambridge has consented to become a patron of the forthcoming "Chess Tournament with Living Pieces," to be held in aid of the West-End Hospital for Diseases of the Nervous System.

In the general order issued by the Duke of Cambridge referring to the Easter Monday review, his Royal Highness expresses "unqualified approbation" of the manner in which the Volunteers acquitted themselves.

Mr. James F. Nokes, chief clerk of the Marlborough-street Police Court, has resigned, after twenty-seven years' service, owing to failing health. Mr. J. Lyell, chief clerk at the Thames Police Court, succeeds to the vacated post.

The fine mansion of Portmore, Peebleshire, the seat of Mr. Colin Mackenzie, Lord Lieutenant of the county, was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon; and Winterbourne Court, Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Greville Smythe, was destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon.

On Monday evening the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained a large party of ladies and gentlemen at the annual Easter banquet at the Mansion House, the guests numbering about 300. The Duke of Cambridge and the United States Minister were among the principal speakers.

Mr. Deasey, who was arrested with dynamite, &c., in his possession at Liverpool, and Flannagan, arrested at St. Helens, were brought up at the Liverpool Police Court last Saturday. Evidence was given that the compound found in the possession of each was highly explosive and dangerous, and could not be needed for a lawful purpose. They were remanded for a week.—The two men who had so carelessly carried gun-cotton at Dover were discharged yesterday week with a caution.

Last week, on the Monday and Saturday evenings, Mr. Chillingham Hunt gave two recitals at Mrs. Gerard Leigh's, Luton Hoo. The company present included Lady Jersey, Lord Claud Hamilton, the Danish Minister, Sir Charles and Lady Du Cane, the Hon. O. Montagu, General Riley, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan. The plays selected were "Othello," "Henry IV.," "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "The Bells."

Last week 2714 births and 2148 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 30, and the deaths 262, above the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 58 from measles, 29 from scarlet fever, 12 from diphtheria, 43 from whooping-cough, 3 from typhus, and 26 from enteric fever. No fatal case of smallpox was registered in London last week. In Greater London 3476 births and 2612 deaths were registered.

Mr. George Gordon Hake gave a lecture last Saturday on the Antiquities of Cyprus in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum. Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen occupied the chair, and moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer.





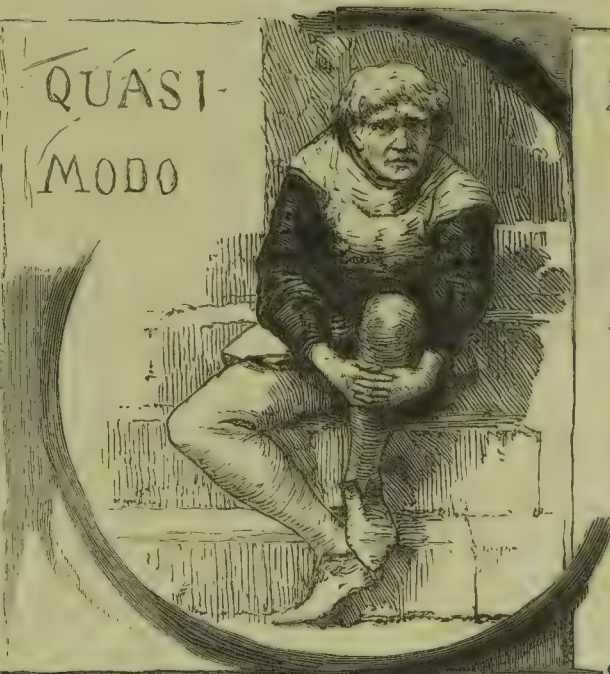
THE RAPHAEL COMMEMORATION AT ROME: VISITING THE TOMB OF RAPHAEL IN THE PANTHEON.





1<sup>st</sup> Act Quasimodo & Frolo.

QUASI-  
MODO



2<sup>nd</sup> Act



Fleur de Lys

PHŒBUS



ESMERALDA



FROLO



3<sup>rd</sup> Act.

Phœbus & Esmeralda

4<sup>th</sup> Act.



Frolo & Esmeralda





HER CONSIDERING CAP.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. F. BREWNALL.



## THE ENGLISH OPERA OF "ESMERALDA."

There is hope, indeed, for the National Opera Mr. Carl Rosa has for years laboured to establish when a native Composer can produce so charming and fascinating an English Opera as "Esmeralda." London has fairly warmed to this brilliantly mounted opera, wherewith Mr. Rosa opened his very brief season at Drury Lane Theatre. The principal musical features of this new English Opera by Mr. A. Goring Thomas (who has chosen Mr. Theo. Marzials as his librettist) were mentioned last week by our Musical Critic. We have now the pleasure of calling attention to the delineation of the chief performers. Sprightly and debonaire, Madame Georgina Burns is admirably fitted for the rôle of Esmeralda. Picturesque in the extreme is her first appearance in the nick of time to save Gringoire from being hanged in the lively and unconventional scene of the Beggar's Haunt, the effective grouping in which is due to the skilful stage generalship of Mr. Augustus Harris. In this same scene occur Frolo's attempted abduction, with Quasimodo's aid, of Esmeralda, and Phoebus's timely intervention. It would be difficult to find more capable representatives of the important parts of Phoebus, Frolo, and Quasimodo than Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Ludwig, and Mr. Leslie Crotty. The Monk of Mr. Ludwig and Hunchback of Mr. Crotty are really fine artistic realisations of character. Nothing sweeter in opera has been heard for some time than Phoebus's exquisite rendering of "Oh, vision entrancing!" and Quasimodo's dulcet and tender singing of "What would I do for my Queen?" Miss Clara Perry acts so well as Fleur-de-Lys, and sings so freshly, "Oh, have you forgotten the red, red roses?" that it is a pity this bright young singer only appears in the second act. It is an attractive feature that the tableaux of "Esmeralda" are admirable contrasts. The weird revels of the beggars' darksome haunt are followed by the lightsome fête champêtre, to which succeed the tragic garret scene wherein Phoebus is stabbed by Frolo as he makes love to Esmeralda, and the grand and imposing gala and procession in front of Notre Dame. Altogether, composer, director, company, and entrepreneurs deserve great praise for the production of "Esmeralda."

## "HER CONSIDERING CAP."

This picture gained much favour in the Winter Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street; and its reproduction in the Engraving will give pleasure to many of our readers. The artist, Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, has been known hitherto by his contributions to the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, rather than by his oil paintings; but, with regard to technical merits of execution, he must be acknowledged here to have given proof of skilful mastery also in the last-mentioned branch of art. The design is sufficiently expressive and interesting to command sympathetic attention, more especially appealing to feminine experiences and sensibilities; for this young lady has evidently sat down to write an important letter, which may be to answer a gentleman's declaration of love, with the offer of his hand and name. She is supposed to have "put on her considering cap," as our shrewd old grandmothers used to say; and the fashion of this head-dress, and of her kerchief and sleeves, not less than the long goose-quill pen in her right hand, proves that she is the daughter of a past generation—one who might have figured in Miss Austen's or Miss Edgeworth's novels. We admire the unconscious grace of her figure and the vivacity of her countenance, which has a look of high-spirited frankness and earnestness of purpose, worthy to engage the regard of her friends and acquaintance.

A Convention of Scottish Royal Burghs assembled on Tuesday at Glasgow. The Lord Provost of the city was elected chairman, and said the Glasgow Corporation did the Convention the highest possible honour in asking it to meet in a building upon the site of the new municipal buildings. The Convention will consider, among other topics, the question of a Minister for Scotland.

A line of railway connecting the well-known inland watering-place of Moffat, Dumfriesshire, with the main line of the Caledonian Railway at Beattock Station, was opened on Monday. The line has been constructed by an independent company, but is to be worked and has been leased in perpetuity to the Caledonian Railway Company. By the opening of the railway Moffat can be reached in about nine hours from London, and in two hours from Edinburgh or Glasgow.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

Most of the prominent supporters of racing journeyed straight on from Lincoln to Liverpool last week, so there was a very fair attendance on the opening day. In spite of his more important engagement on the Friday, Mohican (12 st. 3 lb.) was pulled out for the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap and started favourite, though Zeus (11 st.) pressed him very closely in the quotations. The field was an exceptionally good one, as it also included such smart performers as Piraus (12 st.) and Theorist (10 st. 11 lb.). Mohican never seemed able to go the pace, and a rattling finish between Theorist and Zeus ended in a dead-heat. A shade of odds was laid on the latter for the run-off, but Theorist beat him a length, and thus the Irish division began well at their favourite meeting. Madrid with Archer up, was the great tip for the Union Jack Stakes, whilst Symphony had also plenty of friends. All calculations, however, were upset by the unexpected form shown by Boulevard, a son of Uncas and Madeline, and another of the Irish contingent, who cantered home by himself. Mr. Peck then threw in for a couple of races with Eliacin and Landrost, and a short programme ended with the success of The Wrekin in the Molyneux Stakes. He is a colt by Wenlock—Mayoress, and is therefore half-brother to Toastmaster. A good deal of rain fell on the Thursday night, and, as there was more plough land than usual this year in the Grand National course, the race was a more than ordinary test of stamina. Mohican's (12 st. 1 lb.) chance was considered to be rather discounted by his defeat in the hurdle-race on the previous day, and he dropped back to 9 to 1 in the quotations, whilst his stable companion Zitella (11 st. 2 lb.) was firmly established at the head of affairs at exactly one third of these odds. The adherents of Eau de Vie (11 st. 10 lb.) also supported her manfully, and Jolly Sir John (10 st. 5 lb.) was backed pretty freely. The story of the race requires very little telling. Jolly Sir John fell at the second fence, and Cortolvin came to grief about a mile from home, but these were the only casualties. The favourite ran well until reaching Becher's Brook the second time, when she was well beaten, and Zoedone (11 st.) came away by herself, and won as she liked. Black Prince (10 st. 4 lb.) was second, and Mohican was placed third, but too much value must not be attached to these positions, as most of the field trotted past the post. Great prejudice was felt against Zoedone, owing to the fact that her owner and rider, Count Kinsky, was a comparatively inexperienced jockey. It seemed to be forgotten that the Hungarians are a nation of horsemen, and that the Count is well known as a first flight man in Leicestershire, and his success, following immediately on that of Lord Manners, seems to show that professional talent is by no means indispensable in this race. Old Petronel (9 st.) could not give the weight to Picador (6 st. 13 lb.) in the Liverpool Spring Cup; and Piraus (12 st. 7 lb.) made some amends for his defeat of the previous day by securing the Palatine Hurdle Handicap. Fields ruled very small on Saturday, but there was an interesting match for the Queen's Plate between Prudhomme and Hagioscope, in which lack of condition mainly contributed to the defeat of the latter. Lord Chancellor (12 st. 10 lb.) had an easy task in the Sefton Steeplechase, as Empress (12 st. 2 lb.) refused early in the race; and the falling of Athlappa left Too Good to canter in by herself for the Third Champion Steeplechase; so the Irish horses, in spite of failing in the big race, took the majority of the minor jumping events.

Bright and summer-like weather made the opening day at Northampton a thoroughly pleasant one, and there was an immense attendance. Loates, who has quite recovered from the effects of his fall at Lincoln, won the Northamptonshire Cup on Havock, who was afterwards sold for 700 guineas, rather a low price, considering that he was in receipt of 22 lb. from Valentino, who was only beaten three parts of a length, in spite of being decidedly on the big side. With all his weight, Althotas (9 st. 6 lb.) was greatly fancied to repeat his Spencer Plato victory of last year, and Discount (7 st. 11 lb.), who seemed to be let off pretty easily by the handicapper on his best form, had a strong following. The feature of the race was the grand display made by Lowland Chief (9 st. 10 lb.), who found the distance far more to his liking than was the Lincoln mile, and only succumbed by a neck to Diletto (6 st. 7 lb.). This colt is the property of Mr. T. Jennings, the well-known trainer, who followed up his success by taking the Althorp Park Stakes with Legacy, an own sister to Executor, by Westminster—Execution. Her running was a marked improvement on her performance in the Brocklesby Stakes, and the few days' extra work must

have benefited her considerably. On Wednesday, Sun of York (7 st. 11 lb.), who won the Northamptonshire Stakes last year, was within an ace of repeating his victory, as Glenluce (7 st. 7 lb.) only beat him by a head. The latter is best known as a hurdle-racer, and his success affords one more proof that a course of hurdle-jumping rather improves a flat-racer than otherwise. The minor races of the day may be safely passed over without comment.

The final tie for the Association Cup was played at Kennington Oval on Saturday afternoon. The weather, though rather too warm for football, suited the spectators exactly, and there must have been quite 6000 people present. The competing clubs were the Old Etonians (the holders) and the Blackburn Olympic, and, after a grand game, the north-countrymen won by two goals to one. This result was due to the captain of the Old Etonians rather unwisely agreeing to play for an extra half hour, though, at that time, one of his men had been compelled to leave the field, and two others were partially disabled.

The profits of the State as a newspaper proprietor show a slight falling off in the past year, when £29,316 was netted. In the previous year the profit was £29,845. To last year's revenue under this head the *London Gazette* contributed £25,623; the *Edinburgh Gazette*, £3194; and the *Dublin Gazette* just under £500.

The Ragged-School Union, in view of the increasing need for ragged schools and mission effort among the very poor, proposes holding a conference in Exeter Hall next Wednesday, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, for the purpose of considering the best means of consolidating and furthering the work.

Amelia Crickland was remanded at Bow-street last week on a charge of attempting suicide. She had thrown herself into the Thames near Cleopatra's Needle, when a dog ran down the steps, and, plunging in, dragged the woman to the steps, where she was got on shore. The dog accompanied his master, Mr. Lydford, into the witness-box, and, standing on his hind legs, took a survey of the court.

The Revenue returns for the quarter and for the financial year ending March 31 were issued last Saturday evening. During the three months the national income was £29,668,825, a net increase of £2,639,598 on that of the corresponding period of 1882. The revenue for the financial year was £89,004,453, a net increase of £3,182,174 upon the return of its predecessor.

A meeting of freeholders was held last Saturday at Croydon Townhall for the purpose of electing a Coroner for the Croydon district, which comprises an area of about twenty miles. Mr. C. P. Morrison, solicitor, of Redhill, was the only gentleman nominated, and he was declared duly elected.

Colonel Bateman Champain, R.E., read a paper at the Society of Arts on Tuesday evening on the "Trade Routes of Persia." He referred to the importance of developing our trade with that country, but said that it was rapidly receding before that of Russia.

The Fine-Art Exhibition at Whitechapel was closed on Monday night (the rooms being required for school purposes), after having been open for twelve and a half days, and during this time it was visited by 31,644 people. Two little facts are worthy of special note. The committee had prepared a catalogue, with simple descriptions of all the chief pictures, and of this 10,000 copies were sold at a penny each. The second fact is that the exhibition was free throughout, but that over £10 was collected (mostly in coppers) in the boxes placed at the door for voluntary contributions.

The first great exodus of emigrants from the remote west of Ireland that has taken place under official control, and with Government aid, occurred yesterday week at Belmullet, a town situated on one of the wildest and bleakest regions of county Mayo, over forty miles distant from the nearest telegraph office. The emigrants, who numbered 360, consisted of the members of entire families from the area comprised within the unions of Belmullet and Newport, and their passages were paid for them by the Government, the aid thus officially given being supplemented by a grant from the "Tuke Fund." The emigrants were also provided free with bedding and other necessities for the voyage. They embarked on the Allan steamer Nestorian, and their destination is Boston, United States, whence they will proceed to other parts of the Republic. The next contingent will leave on the 13th inst., and arrangements have been made for a third exodus from these sterile and poverty-stricken regions.

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### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### DANGER.



IT might have appeared to any careful observer, who also knew all the circumstances of the case, that what was now happening, or about to happen, away up in those remote solitudes was obvious enough; but certainly no suspicion of any such possibilities had so far entered the minds of the parties chiefly interested. Yolande regarded her future as already quite settled.

That was over and done with. Her French training had taught her to acquiesce in any arrangement that seemed most suitable to those who hitherto had guided her destiny; and as she had never experienced any affection stronger than her love for her father, so she did not perceive the absence of any such passion. To English eyes her marriage might seem a *mariage de complaisance*, as Colonel Graham had styled it; in her eyes it seemed everything that was natural, and proper, and fitting; and she was quite content. It never occurred to her to analyse the singular satisfaction she always felt in the society of this new friend—the sense of safety, trust, guidance, and reliance with which he inspired her. He claimed a sort of schoolmasterish authority over her; and she yielded; sometimes, it is true, reasserting her independence by the use of feminine wiles and coquetties which were as natural as the scamperings of a young rabbit or the rustling of the leaves of a tree; but more ordinarily submitting to his dictation and government with a placid and amused sense of security. While, as for him, had he dreamed that he was stealing away the affections of his friend's chosen bride, he would have fled from the spot on the instant, with shame and ignominy haunting him. But how could such an idea present itself to him? He

looked on her as one already set apart. She belonged to the Master of Lynn; as his friend's future wife he hoped she also would be his friend. He admired her bright spirits, her cheerfulness, and frankness; but it was this very frankness (added to his own blunt disregard of conventionalities) that was deceiving them both. Five minutes after she had asked him to call her Yolande, she was talking to him of her future home and her married life; and she was as ready to take his advice in that direction as in the direction of drying plants and setting up an herbarium. And if sometimes she reversed their relations, and took to lecturing him on his unwise ways at Gress—his carelessness about his meals, and so forth—why, then he humoured her, and considered her remonstrances as only an exhibition of friendly interest, perhaps with a trifle of gratitude added, for he knew very well that he had spent a good deal of time in trying to be of service to her.

Then, at this particular moment, everything seemed to conspire towards that end which neither of them foresaw. Yolande found the domestic arrangements at Allt-nam-ba flow very easily and smoothly; so that practically she had the bulk of the day at her own disposal; and Gress was a convenient halting-place when she went for a drive, even when she had no particular message or object in view. But very frequently she had a distinct object in view, which led to her sending on the dog-cart to Foyers and awaiting its return. On the very morning, for example, after Jack Melville had dined with them, she got the following letter, which had been brought out from Whitebridge late the night before. The letter was from Mrs. Bell; and the handwriting was singularly clear and precise for a woman now over sixty, who had for the most part educated herself.

"Gress, Wednesday.

"My dear young lady,—Excuse my forwardness in sending you a letter; but I thought you would like to hear the good news. The lawyers write to me from Edinburgh that young Mr. Fraser is now come of age, and that the trustees are now willing to sell the Monaglen estate, if they can get enough for it. This is what I have looked forward to for many's the day; but we must not be too eager like; the lawyers are such keen bodies, and I have not saved up my scraps to feed their pigs. I think I would like to go to Edinburgh myself, if it was not that they lasses would let everything go to rack and ruin, and would have no sense to study Mr. Melville's ways; the like of them for glaiquet hussies is not in the land. But I would greatly wish to see you, dear young lady, if you will honour me so far, before I go to Edinburgh; for I cannot speak to Mr. Melville about it; and I do not wish to go among their lawyers with only my own head to guide me.

"I am, your humble servant, Christina Bell."

Yolande laughed when she got this letter, partly with pure joy over the great good fortune which was likely to befall her friend, and partly at the humour of the notion that she should be consulted about the conveyancing of an estate. However, she lost no time in making her preparations for driving down to Gress; and indeed the dog-cart had already been ordered,

to take some game into Foyers, and also the stag's head destined for Mr. Macleay. Yolande saw that everything was right; got a brace of grouse and a hare for Mrs. Bell; and then set out to drive away down the strath—on this changing, gloomy, and windy day that had streaked the troubled surface of the loch with long white lines of foam.

She found Mrs. Bell much excited; but still scarcely daring to talk above a whisper; while from time to time she glanced at the laboratory, as if she feared Mr. Melville would come out to surprise them in the discussion of this dark secret.

"He is not in the school-house, then?" Yolande said.

"Not the now. Ye see, the young lad Dalrymple that he got from Glasgow College is doing very well now; and Mr. Melville is getting to be more and more his own maister. He canna aye be looking after they bairns; and if we could get Monaglen for him, who would expect him to bother his head about a school? He's done enough for the folk about here; he'll have to do something for himself now—ah, Miss Winterbourne, that will be a proud day for me when I hand him over the papers."

She spoke as if it were a conspiracy between these two.

"But it will be a sair, sair job to get him to take the place," she continued, reflectively, "for the man has little common-sense; but he has pride enough to move mountains."

"Not common-sense?" said Yolande, with her eyes showing her wonder. "What has he, then? I think it is always common sense with him. When you are talking with him, and not very sure what to do, whatever he says is always clear, straight, and right; you have no difficulty; he sees just the right way before you. But how am I to help you, Mrs. Bell?"

"Well, I dinna ken, exactly; but the idea of an auld woman like me going away to Edinburgh among a' they lawyers is just dreadful. It's like Daniel being put into the den of lions."

"Well, you know, Mrs. Bell," Yolande said, cheerfully, "no harm was done to him. The lions did not touch a hair of his head."

"Ay, I ken that," said Mrs. Bell, grimly; "but they dinna work miracles nowadays."

"Surely you must have your own lawyers?" the girl asked.

"I have that."

"You can trust them, then; with them you are safe enough, surely?"

"Well, this is the way o't," said Mrs. Bell, with decision. "It is not in the nature o' things for a human being to trust a lawyer—it's no possible. But the needcessity o' the case drives ye into their hands, and ye can only trust in Providence that they will make the other side suffer, and no you. They're bound to make their money out o' somebody. I'm no saying, ye ken, but that the lawyers that have been doing business for ye for a nummer o' years might no be a bit fairer; for it's their interest to carry ye on, and be freens wi' ye; but dear me, when I think of going away to Edinburgh, a' by mysel', among that pack o' wolves, it's enough to keep one frae sleeping at nights."

"But every one says you are so shrewd, Mrs. Bell!"



"Do they?" she responded, with a pleased laugh. "Just because I kenned what they men were after? It needed no much judgment to make that out. Maybe if I had been a young lass, they could ha' persuaded me; but when I was a young lass, with scarcely a bawbee in my stocking, there was never a word o't; and when they did begin to come about, when I was an auld woman, I kenned fine it was my bank-book they were after. It didna take much judgment to make that out—the idiwuts! Ay, and my lord, too—set him up wi' his eight months in London by himsel'; and me finding him the money to put saut in his kail. Well, here am I bletherin' about a lot o' havers like that, as if I was a young lass out at the herdin'; when I wanted to tell ye, my dear young leddy, just how everything was. Ye see, what I was left was, first o' a', the whole of the place in Leicestershire, and a beautiful country-side it is, and a braw big house, too, though it was not likely I was going to live there, in a state not becoming to one like me, and me wanting to be among my own people besides. Then there was some money in Consols, which is as safe as the Bank, as the saying is; and some shares in a mine in Cornwall. The shares I was advised to sell, and I did that, for I am not one that cares for risk; but when I began to get possession of my yearly money, and when I found that what I could save was mounting up and mounting up in just an extraordinary way, I put some o' that into French stock, as I thought I might take a bit liberty wi' what was my own making in a measure. And now, though it's no for me to boast, it's a braw sum—a braw sum; and atweel I'm thinking that a fine rich English estate, even by itself, should be able to buy up a wheen bare hill-sides in Inverness-shire, even if we have to take the sheep owner at a valuation—ay, and leave a pretty penny besides. I declare when I think o' what might ha' happened, I feel I should go down on my knees and thank the Almighty for putting enough sense in my head to see what they men were after; or by this time there might not be stick or stone to show for it—a' squandered away in horse-racing or the like—and Mr. Melville, the son of my auld master, the best master that ever lived, going about from one great man's house to another, teaching the young gentlemen, and him as fit as any o' them to have house and ha' of his ain!"

She stopped suddenly; for both of them now saw through the parlour window Jack Melville himself come out of his laboratory, carelessly whistling. Doubtless he did not know that Yolande was in the house, else he would have walked thither; and probably he had only come out to get a breath of fresh air, for he went to a rocking-chair close by the garden, and threw himself into it, lying back with his hands behind his head. Indeed, he looked the very incarnation of indolence—this big-boned, massive-shouldered young man, who lay there idly scanning the skies.

"I am going out to scold him for laziness," said Yolande. "Please no, my dear young leddy," Mrs. Bell said, laying her hand gently on the girl's arm. "It is now he is working."

"Working! Does it look like it? Besides, I am not so afraid of him as you are, Mrs. Bell. Oh, yes, let me go."

So she went out and through the little lobby into the garden; coming upon him, indeed, quite unawares.

"Mrs. Bell says I must not speak to you," she said. "She says you are working, and must not be disturbed. Is it so? And what is the work? Is it travelling at 68,000 miles an hour?"

"Something like that," said he; and he forgot to rise, while she remained standing. Then he glanced round the threatening sky again. "You were brave to venture out on a morning like this."

"Why? What is there?"

"Looks like the beginning of a storm," said he. "Here we are fairly sheltered; but there are some squalls of wind going across. I hope you won't all be blown down the strath into the loch to-night."

"Ah, but I do not believe any longer in weather prophecies," she said, tauntingly. "No. I do not think anyone has any knowledge of it—at Allt-nam-ba, at all events. It is never five minutes the same. One moment you are in the clouds; the next—in sunlight! Duncan looks up the hill in the morning, and is very serious; before they have got to the little bridge, there is blue sky! It is all chance. Do you think science can tell you anything? You, now, when you brought that instrument"—and here she regarded a solar machine, the mirrors and brass mountings of which were shining clear even on this dull day—"did you expect to get enough sunlight at Gress for you to distil water?"

A twinkle in the clear grey eyes showed that she had caught him.

"There are mysteries in science that cannot be explained to babes," said he (and she thought it rather cool that he remained sitting, or rather lounging, instead of going and fetching a chair for her). "Everything isn't as easy as snipping out the name of a genus and pasting it at the foot of a double sheet of white paper."

"That is good of you to remind me," she said, without in the least being crushed. "One thing I came for to-day was the *Linnæa borealis*."

Then he instantly jumped to his feet.

"Certainly," said he; "come along into the house. You may as well take back the boards, and drying paper, and so forth with you; and I will show you how to use them now. There may be a few other things you should have out of my herbarium, just to start you, as it were—not rare plants, but plants you are not likely to get up at Allt-nam-ba. Are you superstitious? I will give you a four-leaved clover, if you like."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes—in a marshy place in Glencoe."

"But it is the finder to whom it brings luck, as I have read," Yolande said.

"Oh, is it so?" he answered, carelessly. "I am not learned in such things. If you like, you can have it; and in the meantime we will start you with your *Linnæa* and a few other things. I don't suppose the hand-press has arrived yet; but mind, you must not refuse it."

"Oh, no," said she, gravely repeating the lesson of yesterday. "When one wishes to be civil and kind to you, you have no right to snub him."

The repetition of the phrase seemed to remind him; he suddenly stopped short, regarding her with an odd, half-amused look in his eyes.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"I hope so."

"Well, now," he said, rather under his voice, "I am going to tell you a secret, which on no account must you tell to Mrs. Bell. I have just heard, on very good authority, that Monaglen is about to come into the market, after all."

"(Oh, indeed," said she, with perfectly innocent eyes. "Can it be possible!")

"Don't mention the thing to Mrs. Bell; for you know her wild schemes and visions; and it would only make her unhappy."

"Why, then?"

"Because what she means to do (if she really means to do it) is not practicable," he said, plainly. "Of course, if she

buys Monaglen for herself, good and well. She is welcome to sit in the hall of my fathers. I daresay she will do more good in the neighbourhood than they ever thought of doing, for she is an excellent kind of creature. And it is just possible that, seeing me about the place, she may have thought of some romantic project; but when once I am clear away from Gress, it will quite naturally and easily fade from her mind."

"But you are not going away!" she said. And that sudden sinking of the heart ought to have warned her; but, indeed, she had not had a wide experience in such matters.

"Oh, yes," said he, good-naturedly. "How could this makeshift last? Of course I must be off—but not this minute or to-morrow. I have started a lot of things in this neighbourhood—with Mrs. Bell's money, mind—and I want to see them going smoothly; then I'm off."

She did not speak. Her eyes were distant; she was scarcely conscious that her heart was so disappointed and heavy. But she was vaguely aware that the life she had been looking forward to in these far solitudes did not seem half so full and rich now. There was some loneliness about it—a vacancy that the mind discerned but did not know how to fill up. Was it the gloom of the day? She thought of Allt-nam-ba in the winter; it had no longer any charm for her. There was no mischief in her brain now, no pretended innocence in her eyes. Something had befallen—she scarcely knew what. And when she followed him into the house, to get the *Linnæa borealis*, that little pathetic droop of the mouth was marked.

That same afternoon, as she was driving home, and just above the little hill that goes down to the bridge adjacent to Lynn Towers, she met the Master, who was coming along on horseback. The drive had been a sombre one, somehow; for the skies were gloomy and threatening. But when she saw him she brightened up, and gave him a very pleasant greeting. "You are quite a stranger," said she, as they both stopped.

"We have had a good many things to attend to at the Towers," he said—as she thought, rather distantly.

"I hear them talking of having a hare drive some day soon—away at a great distance, at the highest parts. You will come and help them, I suppose?"

"I think I must go in to Inverness; and I may have to be there for some days."

"You will come and see us before you go, then?" she inquired—but rather puzzled by the strangeness, almost stiffness, of his manner.

"I hope so," said he. "I am glad to see you looking so well. I hear they have been having good sport at Allt-nam-ba. Well, I must not detain you. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"—and she drove on, wondering. He had not even asked how her father was. But perhaps these business affairs were weighing on his mind.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE GALE.

As night fell the storm that Jack Melville had foreseen began to moan along the upper reaches of the hills; and from time to time smart torrents of rain came rattling down, until the roar of the confluent streams out there in the dark sounded ominously enough. All through the night, too, the fury of the gale steadily increased; the gusts of wind sweeping down the gorge shook the small building (although solidly built of stone) to its very foundations; and even the fierce howling of the hurricane was as nothing to the thunder of the now swollen waters, that seemed to threaten to carry away the whole place before them. Sleep was scarcely possible to the inmates of this remote little lodge; they knew not what might not happen up in this weather-brewing caldron of a place; and at last, after an anxious night, and towards the blurred grey of the morning, they must have thought their worst fears were about to be realised, for suddenly there was a terrific crash, as if part of the building had given way. Almost instantly every bedroom door was opened; clearly no one had been asleep. And then, through a white cloud of dust, they began to make out what had happened; and although that was merely the falling in of part of the ceiling of the hall, of course they did not know how much more was likely to come down, and Mr. Winterbourne called to Yolande, sternly forbidding her to stir. John Shortlands was the first to venture out; and through the cloud of plaster-dust he began to make his examinations, furnished with a long broom-handle that he obtained from one of the frightened maids.

"It is all right," he said. "There are one or two other pieces that must come down; then the rest will be safe. Yolande, you can go back to bed. What? Well, then, go back and shut your door anyway, until I get Duncan and the gillies to shovel this stuff away. Don't come out until I tell you."

John Shortlands then went down stairs, got a cap, and opened the hall-door. The spectacle outside was certainly enough to deter any but the bravest. There was no rain; but the raging hurricane seemed to fill the atmosphere with a grey mist; while from time to time a gust would sweep down into the bed of the stream, tear the water there into a white smoke, and then whirl that up the opposite hillside until it was dissolved in the general vapour. But these water-spouts, he quickly perceived, were only formed down there in the opener stretches of the strath, where the gusts could get freely at the bed of the stream; up here at Allt-nam-ba there was nothing but the violence of the wind that came in successive shocks against the lodge, shaking it as if it were in the grip of a vice.

He ventured out. His first experience was to find his deer-stalking cap, which he greatly prized, whirled from off his head, and sent flying away in the direction of the Allt-nam-ba. But he was not to be daunted. He went indoors again and got another; and then, going out and putting his bullet head and his splendid bulk against the wind he fairly butted his way across to the bothy.

He found Duncan trying to put up some boards where a window had been blown in; and an angry man was he when he learnt from Mr. Shortlands what had happened at the lodge.

"The Master will give it him!" he said, savagely.

"Whom?"

"The plasterer from Inverness, Sir. I was telling him it was no use mending and mending; but that it was a whole new ceiling that was wanted, after such a wild winter as the last winter. The Master will be very angry. The young lady might have been hurt."

"The young lady might have been hurt!" said John Shortlands, ironically. "Yes, I should think so, if she happened to have been passing. But in this part of the country, Duncan, is it only women who are hurt when the ceiling of a house falls on them? The men don't mind?"

Duncan was quite impervious to irony, however. He went away to get Sandy and the rest of them to help him in shovelling off the plaster—going out, indeed, into this raging tempest in his shirt-sleeves and with a bare head, just as if nothing at all unusual were happening.

Of course, with the inhabitants of the lodge there was no thought of stirring out that day. They built up the fires in the little dining and drawing rooms, and took to books, or the arrangement of flies, or the watching at the window how the

gale was still playing its cantrips—tearing at the scant vegetation of the place, and occasionally scooping up one of those vaporous waterspouts from the bed of the stream. Then Yolande managed to do a little bit of household adornment—with some audible grumbling.

"Dear me," she said, standing at the dining-room fire, "did ever anyone see two such untidy persons? There is a fine row of ornaments for a mantle-shelf. I wonder what Madame would say. Let us see: first, some cartridges—why are they not in the bag? Second, a dog-whistle. Third, some casting-lines. Fourth, a fly-book—well, I will make a little order by putting the casting-lines in the book!"

"Let them alone, Yolande," her father said, sharply. "You will only make confusion."

She put them in, nevertheless; and continued her enumeration.

"Fifth, some rifle-cartridges; and if one were to fall in the fire, what then? Sixth, the stoppers of a fishing-rod. Now, the carelessness of it! Why does not Duncan take your rod to pieces, Mr. Shortlands, and put in the stoppers? I know where he keeps it, outside the bothy, just over the windows; and think now how it must have been shaken last night. Think of the varnish!"

"I believe you're right, Yolande," said he; "but it saves a heap of trouble."

"Seventh, a little silver fish in a box—a deceitful little beast all covered with hooks. Eighth, a flask, with whisky or some horrid-smelling stuff in it: ah, Madame, what would you think? Then a telescope—well, that is something better—that is something better—allons, we will go and look at the storm."

Looking out of the window was clearly impracticable, for the panes were blurred; but she went to the hall-door, opened it, and directed the glass down the valley. She was quite alone; the others were busy with their books. Then suddenly she called to them:

"Come, come! There is someone that I can see—oh! imagine any one fighting against such a storm! A stranger? Perhaps a friend from England? Ah, such a day to arrive! Or perhaps a shepherd?—no, there are no dogs with him!"

Well, the appearance of a human being on any day, let alone such a day as this, in this upland strath, was an event; and instantly they were all at the door. They could not make him out; much less could they guess on what errand anyone, stranger or friend, should be willing to venture himself against such a gale. But that figure away down there kept making headway against the wind. They could see how his form was bent—his head projecting forward. He was not a shepherd: as Yolande had observed, he had no dogs with him. He was not the Master of Lynn; that figure belonged to a bigger man than the Master.

"I'll tell you who it is," said John Shortlands, curtly. "It's Jack Melville. Three to one on it."

"Oh, the folly—the folly!" Yolande exclaimed, in quite real distress. "He will be blown over a rock!"

"Not a bit of it!" said John Shortlands, to comfort her. "The people about here don't think anything of a squall like this. Look at Duncan there—marching down to dig some potatoes for the cook. A head-keeper in the south wouldn't be as good-natured as that, I warrant you. They are much too swell gentlemen there."

And it was Jack Melville, after all. He was very much blown when he arrived, but he soon recovered breath, and proceeded to say that he had been afraid that the gale might catch the boat and do some mischief.

"And it has," said he. "It is blown right over to the other side; and apparently jammed between some rocks. So I have come along to get Donald and one of the gillies to go with me; and we will have it hauled clear up on the land."

"Indeed, no!" Yolande protested, with pleading in her face. "Oh, no!—on such a day why should you go out? Come in and stay with us! What is a boat, then?"

"But," said he, with a sort of laugh, "I am afraid I am partly responsible for it. I was the last that used the boat."

"Never mind it," said she; "what is it—a boat! No, you must not go through the storm again."

"Oh, but we are familiar with these things up here," said he, good-naturedly. "If you really mean to invite me in, I will come—after Donald and I have gone down to the loch."

"Will you?" she said, with her bright face full of welcome and gladness.

"I must come back with my report, you know," said he. "For I am afraid she may have got knocked about; and if there is any damage I must make it good."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Winterbourne interrupted.

"Oh, but I must. It is Lord Lynn's boat; and there are people from whom one is not quick to accept an obligation. But then there are other people," said he, turning to Yolande, "from whom you can receive any number of favours with great pleasure; and if you don't mind my staying to lunch with you—if I may invite myself to stay so long!"

"Do you think I would have allowed you to go away before!" she said, with a touch of pride in her tone; she had got to know something of Highland ways and customs.

So he and Donald and two others went away down the glen; and in about a couple of hours came back with the report that the boat was now placed in a secure position; but that it had had two planks stove in, and would have to be sent to Inverness for repair—Jack Melville insisting on taking over that responsibility on his own shoulders, although, as a matter of fact, the Master of Lynn had assisted him in dragging the boat up on the last occasion on which it had been used. As for Yolande, she did not care for any trumpery boat: was it not enough that their friend should have come to keep them company on this wild and solitary day? Then there was another thing. She had determined to astonish the gentlemen with the novelty of a hot luncheon; and here was another who would see what the little household could do! Indeed, it was a banquet. Her father drew pointed attention to the various things (though he was himself far enough from being a gourmand). A venison pasty John Shortlands declared to have been the finest dish he had encountered for many a day. He wished to heavens they could make a salad like that at the Abercorn Club.

"Is it not nice to see them so grateful?" said she, turning with one of her brightest smiles to the stranger guest. "The poor things! No wonder they are pleased. The other day I climbed away up the hill to surprise them at their lunch—oh, you cannot imagine the miserableness of it! Duncan told me where I should find them. The day was so dull and cold; the clouds low down; and before I was near the top, a rainy drizzle began!"

"They generally say a drizzling rain in English," her father said.

"But we are not in England. It is a rainy drizzle in the Highlands, is it not, Mr. Melville?"

"It does not matter how you take it," he answered; "but we get plenty of it."

"Then the cold wet all around; and the heather wet; and I went on and on—not a voice—not a sign of anyone. Then a



dog came running to me—that was Bella—and I said to myself ‘Aha, I have found you now!’ Then we went on; and at last—the spectacle!—the poor people all crouched down in a peat-hag, hiding from the rain; papa seated on a game-bag that he had put on a stone; Mr. Shortlands on another; their coat-collars up; the plates on their knees; the knives, forks, cold beef, and bread all wet with the rain—oh, such a picture of miserableness has never been seen. Do you wonder that they are grateful, then—do you wonder they approve—when they have a fire, and a warm room, and dry plates, and dry knives and forks?”

Indeed, they had a very pleasant meal; and the coffee and cigars after it lasted a long time; for of what good was anything but laziness so long as the wind howled and roared without? All the time, however, Jack Melville was wondering how he could have a few minutes’ private talk with Mr. Shortlands; and as that seemed to be becoming less and less probable—for Mr. Winterbourne seemed content to have an idle day there in his easy-chair by the fire, and Yolande was seated on the hearth-rug at his knees, quite content to be idle too—he had to adopt a somewhat wild pretext. John Shortlands was describing the newest variety of hammerless gun; then he spoke of the one he himself had bought just before coming north. Melville pretended a great interest. Was it in the bothy? Yes. Might they not run over for a couple of minutes? Yolande protested; but John Shortlands assented; so these two ventured out together to fight their way across.

Instead of going into the central apartment of the bothy, however, where the guns stood on a rack, Melville turned into the next apartment, which was untenanted, and which happened to be warm enough, for Duncan had just been preparing porridge for the dogs, and a blazing fire still burned under the boiler.

“I wanted to say a word to you.”

“I guessed as much. What’s your news?”

“Well, not very good,” said Jack Melville, rather gloomily, “and I don’t like to be the bearer of bad news. I meant to tell you the other evening; and I could not do it somehow.”

“Oh, out with it, man! never fear. I like to hear the worst; and then hit it on the head with a hammer, if I can. There would have been none of this trouble if I had had my way from the beginning—however, that’s neither here nor there.”

“I am afraid I am the bearer of an ultimatum,” Melville said.

“Well?”

It was clear that Melville did not like this office at all. He kept walking up and down the earthen floor, though the space was limited enough; his brows contracted; his eyes bent on the ground.

“It is awkward for me,” he said, rather impatiently. “I wish I had had nothing to do with it. But you cannot call me an intermeddler; for you yourself put this thing on me; and—and—well, it is not my business either to justify or condemn my friend—I can only tell you that I considered it was safest and wisest he should know the true state of affairs—if I have erred in that, well.”

“I don’t think you have,” said Shortlands, slowly. “I left it open to your decision—to your knowledge of this young fellow. But I think my decision would, in any case, have been the same.”

“Very well. I think I put the whole matter fairly to him. I told him that he had practically no risk to run of any annoyance; and that the cause of all this trouble, poor wretch, would soon be out of the way; and then I told him what Mr. Winterbourne had gone through, for the sake of his daughter. Well, he did not seem to see it that way. He was quite frank. He said it was a mistaken Quixotism that had been at the bottom of it all.”

“I said so, too; but still.”

“It is a matter of opinion; it is of no immediate consequence,” Melville said. “But what he seemed quite resolved on was that he would not consent to become a party to this secrecy. He says everything must be met and faced. There must be no concealment; in short, Yolande must be told the whole story, so that, in case of any further annoyance, there should be no dread of her discovering it, but only the simple remedy of appealing to a constable.”

John Shortlands considered for a minute or two.

“I don’t know that he isn’t quite right,” he said, slowly. “Yes, I imagine his position is a fair one. At one time I said the same. I can look at it from his point of view. I think we must admit, as men of the world, that he is perfectly in the right; but,” and here he spoke a little more quickly, “I can’t help speaking what is on my mind; and I say that, if you think of what Winterbourne has done for this girl, this ultimatum, if you call it so—from the fellow who pretends to be her sweetheart, from the fellow who wants her for a wife—well, I call it a damned shabby thing!”

Melville’s face flushed.

“I am not his judge,” he said, coldly.

“I beg your pardon,” John Shortlands said—for his anger was of short duration. “I ought to have remembered that this young Leslie is your friend, as Winterbourne is mine. I beg your pardon—I can do no more.”

“Yes, you can,” said Melville, in the same measured way. “I wish you distinctly to understand that I express no opinion whatsoever on Mr. Leslie’s decision; and I must ask you to remember that I certainly cannot be supposed to approve of it simply because I am a messenger.”

“Quite so—quite so—I quite understand,” John Shortlands said. “The least said is the soonest mended. Let’s see what is to be done. I suppose there was no doubt in his mind—no hesitation?”

“None.”

“It would be no good trying to talk him over?”

“I, for one, will not attempt it. No, his message was distinct. I think you may take it as final. Perhaps I ought to add that he may have been influenced by the fact that his people at the Towers seem to have been quarrelling with him about this marriage; and he has not the best of tempers at times; and I think he feels injured. However, that is not part of my message. My message was distinct, as I say. It was, in fact, an ultimatum.”

“Poor Winterbourne,” John Shortlands said, absently. “I wonder what he will look like when I tell him. All his labour and care and anxiety gone for nothing. I suppose I must tell him; there must be an explanation; I dare say that young fellow won’t come near the Lodge now until there is an understanding. Winterbourne will scarcely believe me. Poor devil—all his care and anxiety gone for nothing! I don’t mind about her so much. She has pluck; she’ll face it. But Winterbourne—I wonder what his face will look like to-night when I tell him.”

“Well, I have done my best and my worst, I suppose, however it turns out,” said Jack Melville, after a second or two. “And now I will bid you good-by.”

“But you are going into the house?”

“No.”

“No?” said the other, in astonishment. “You’ll bid them good-by, I suppose?”

“I cannot!” said Melville, turning himself away in a manner. “Why, to look at that girl—and to think of the man she is going to marry having no more regard for her than to—”

But he suddenly recalled himself: this was certainly not maintaining his attitude of impartiality.

“Yes,” said he, “I suppose I must go in to bid them good-by.”

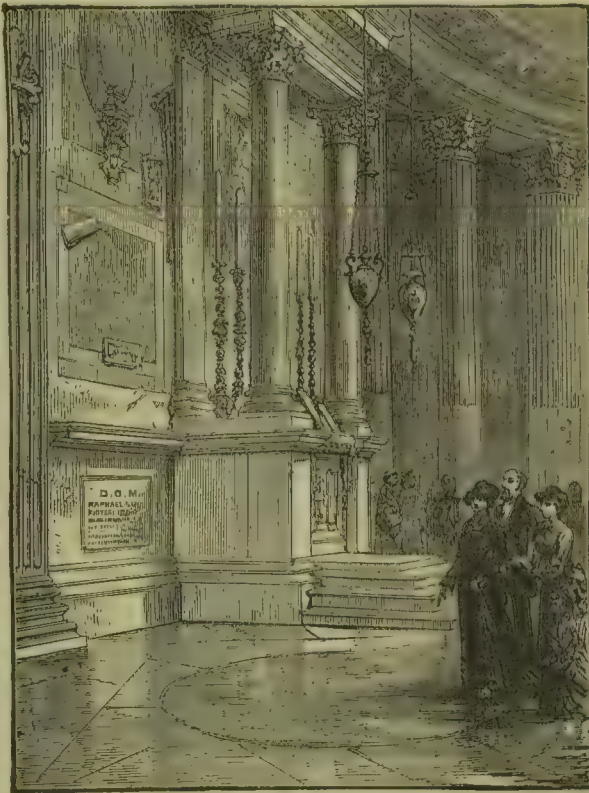
They were loth to let him depart; Mr. Winterbourne, indeed, wishing him to remain for dinner and stay the night. But they could not prevail on him; and soon he was making his way with his long strides down the glen, the gale now assisting instead of impeding his progress. John Shortlands (who was apt to form sudden and rather violent prepossessions and prejudices) was looking after him, as the tall figure grew more and more distant.

“There goes a man,” he was saying to himself; “and I wish to heavens he would kick that hound!”

(To be continued.)

## THE RAPHAEL CELEBRATION AT ROME.

The most famous of Italian painters, Raffaele Sanzio, whom the world commonly calls Raphael, was born at Urbino, in Umbria, part of the Papal States, four hundred years ago. The anniversary was celebrated, on Wednesday week, both in that town and in Rome, where he lived and worked, and where he died in 1520, with processions, orations, poetical recitations, performances of music, exhibitions of pictures, statues, and busts, visits to the tomb of the great artist in the Pantheon, and with banquets and other festivities. The King and Queen of Italy were present at the Capitol of Rome (the



RAPHAEL'S TOMB IN THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

Palace of the City Municipality) where one part of these proceedings took place.

At ten o'clock in the morning a procession set forth from the Capitol to the Pantheon, to render homage at the tomb of Raphael. It was arranged in the following order:—Two Fedeli, or municipal ushers, in picturesque costumes of the sixteenth century, headed the procession carrying two laurel wreaths fastened with ribbons representing the colours of Rome, red and dark yellow; a company of Vigili, the Roman firemen; the municipal band; the standard of Rome, carried by an officer of the Vigili; and the banners of the fourteen quarters of the city. Then came the Minister of Public Instruction and the Minister of Public Works; the Syndic of Rome, Duke Leopoldo Torlonia; and the Prefect of Rome, the Marquis Gravina. The members of the communal giunta, the provincial deputations, and the communal and provincial council followed the principal authorities. Next in order came the presidents of Italian and foreign academies and art institutions, the president of the academy of the Licei, the representatives of all the foreign academies, the members of the Academy of St. Luke, the general direction of antiquities, the members of the Permanent Commission of Fine Arts, the members of the Communal Archaeological Commission, the guardians of the Pantheon, the members of the International Artistic Club, presided over by Prince Odescalchi; the members of the arts schools, the pupils of the San Michele and Termini schools with their bands, the pupils of the elementary and female art schools. The procession was rendered more interesting by the presence of many Italian and foreign artists. Having arrived at the Pantheon, the chief personages took their place in front of Raphael's tomb. Every visitor to Rome knows this tomb, which is situated behind the third chapel on the left of the visitor entering the Pantheon. The altar was endowed by Raphael, and behind it is a picture of the Virgin and Child known as the Madonna del Sasso, which was executed at his request and was produced by Lorenzo Lotto, a friend and pupil of the great painter. Above the inscription usually hang a few small pictures, which were presented by very poor artists who thought themselves cured by prayers at the shrine. This is confirmed by a crutch hanging up close to the pilaster. The bones of Raphael are laid in this tomb since 1520, with an epitaph recording the esteem in which he was held by Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; but they have not always been allowed to lie undisturbed. On Sept. 14, 1833, the tomb was opened to inspect the mouldering skeleton, of which drawings were made, and are reproduced in two of our illustrations. The proceedings at the tomb in the recent anniversary visit were brief and simple; a number of laurel or floral wreaths were suspended there, one sent by the President and members of the Royal Academy of London; and the Syndic of Rome unveiled a bronze bust of Raphael, which had been placed in a niche at the side. This ceremony at the Pantheon was concluded by all the visitors writing their names on two albums which had been placed near Victor

Emmanuel's tomb and Raphael's tomb. The commemoration in the hall of the Horatii and Curiatii in the Capitol was a great success, their Majesties, the Ministers, the members of the diplomatic body, and a distinguished assembly being present. Signor Quirino Leoni read an admirable discourse on Raphael and his times.

The ancient city of Urbino, Raphael's birthplace, has fallen into decay, but has remembered its historic renown upon this occasion. The representatives of the Government and municipal authorities, and delegates of the leading Italian cities went in procession to visit the house where Raphael was born. Commemoration speeches were pronounced in the great hall of the ducal palace by Signor Minghetti and Senator Massarani. The commemoration ended with a cantata composed by Signor Rossi. The Via Raffaele was illuminated in the evening, and a gala spectacle was given at the Sanzio Theatre. Next day the exhibition of designs for a monument to Raphael was inaugurated at Urbino, and at night a great torchlight procession took place. The festivities were to last until Friday, April 6.

## THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Our last week's publication included several illustrations, one of them sketched by our Special Artist in the car of a balloon, showing the chief aspects and features of the Brighton Review and field manoeuvres of the Metropolitan Volunteer Corps on Easter Monday. The Sketches by another Artist, which now fill two pages of this week's Supplement, represent a variety of amusing incidents which occurred in the two or three days preceding, while the troops of the Advanced Guard, under the command of Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, were marching down from London to take part in a preliminary action near Clayton Mills, below Wolstonbury Hill. The formation and campaigning operations of this Advanced Guard, which we have already described with sufficient precision, must be regarded as the most novel and original part of the scheme for this year's Easter manoeuvres, and the most instructive in military practice. The strength of this force, altogether, was 4200 men, comprising the Honourable Artillery Company, with its battery of six guns, the 20th Middlesex (Artists' Corps), the Inns of Court and the Cambridge University Corps, and detachments of the Civil Service Corps, the London Scottish, the London Irish, the 23rd Middlesex (London and Westminster), the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, and 10th Middlesex, the 1st Surrey, 4th West Surrey, 2nd and 3rd West Kent, and 4th Essex Rifle Volunteers. They were formed into five columns, which were concentrated at Three Bridges on Good Friday morning, and thence marched forward to occupy a position extending several miles from east to west, from Lindfield, near Hayward's Heath, through Cuckfield, on the old Brighton road, to Bolney, with advanced posts at St. John's, Hurstpierpoint, Burgess-hill, and Wivelsfield; the commander's head-quarters were at Cuckfield Park. The Artists' Corps, and the Inns of Court and Cambridge University Corps, marched along the road all the way from London, starting on the Thursday; but the bulk of the force went down by railway from London to Three Bridges on the Friday. There is no pleasanter country than the Weald of Sussex; and the fine weather, dry and bright, though rather cold, made it an enjoyable exercise to march across that “truly rural” tract of meadows, farms, and woodlands, lying between the North and the South Downs, with its picturesque old houses, and homely old-fashioned villages, which have not yet lost their air of rustic quiet and content. The Volunteers had to put up with a queer variety of makeshifts, here and there, in the way of lodging and personal accommodation, but such little inconveniences to healthy men, could only give the additional zest of happy-go-lucky adventure in their brief taste of campaigning life. Our Artist's Sketches are mostly devoted to illustrate this view of the March to Brighton, which will not yet have lost its interest, though the Easter Monday Review be already past.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s recent publications include some vocal pieces that will be welcome in drawing-room circles. Among them may be specified the following songs:—“I will come,” by F. H. Cowen; “Thy hand in mine,” by Jacques Blumenthal; “The Romany Lass,” by S. Adams; “Three Merry Men,” by J. L. Molloy; “Ask nothing more” and “In the North Country,” by Theo. Marzials; and “Waiting for the King” and “Where the shadows never fall,” by F. L. Moir. All these are pleasingly melodious and have a distinctive character, the compass of voice required in each case being within the reach of most singers. They have been sung, with great success, by some of our most popular vocalists at the London Ballad Concerts and elsewhere. “Aux Armes,” a very spirited march for the pianoforte, by G. Ferraris, is also issued by Messrs. Boosey and Co.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. have issued some pleasing songs, among them being “The name in the sand,” by Alicia Florence Scott; “My sweet sweet,” by Marie Corelli (words by King Henry VIII.); “Anywhere,” by F. L. Moir; “The sea-shell's story,” by C. Vincent; and “A Golden Dream,” by C. Marshall. They are all in a flowing melodious style, and will suit any range of voice. The same publishers are issuing a very cheap series of part-songs, which already comprises a great many numbers, and contains pieces for various combinations of voices by more or less well-known composers. From Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. we have also some very effective pianoforte music—a very pleasing and well-written “Rondo à la Berceuse,” by W. Macfarren; an ingenious Fugue, in octaves for each hand, by F. Westlake; a spirited “Introduction and March,” by Fritz D'Aiquen; and a lively “Satarello,” by C. T. Speer.

Messrs. Forsyth Brothers have brought out some very interesting novelties by Stephen Heller, the greatest living composer of pianoforte music. His op. 150 comprises twenty preludes, all characterised by that grace of style and distinct individuality which render his compositions of permanent interest and value. Two studies form his op. 151; and these, like the preceding works, prove that productiveness does not, with Heller, imply exhaustion. All the pieces now referred to are not only pleasing to play and to hear, they are also calculated to improve the execution and style of those who practise them. They are edited and thoroughly fingered by Mr. Charles Hallé. The same publishers have also issued a “Gigue à l'Italienne,” and “Danse du Passé, Menuet,” by H. Löhr; a “Grande Valse de Bravura,” by H. Mueller (for pianoforte solo), and the “Danse des Gavots” of F. Löhr, arranged for piano and violin by B. Althaus, and the same piece adapted for the organ by G. Marsden.

“The Musician” is the title of a small book compiled by Mr. Ridley Prentice, and published by W. Swan-Sonnenschein and Co. This little book is well calculated to assist the young student; explanations and advice being given in a clear and familiar style—counsels as to how and what to study, explanations of musical terms, and other information being rendered in simple phraseology.





REMINISCENCES OF THE EASTER MONDAY REVIEW: SKETCHES ON THE MARCH TO BRIGHTON.



## OBITUARY.

## ADMIRAL HORTON.

Rear-Admiral William Horton, C.B., died on the 22nd ult. at Livermere Park, Bury St. Edmunds, in his sixty-third year. He was son of the late Rear-Admiral Joshua Sydney Horton, whose father, Thomas Joshua Horton, of Howroyde, county York, was brother of Sir William Horton, Bart., of Chadderton. He entered the Royal Navy in 1832, became Sub-Lieutenant in 1839, Lieutenant in 1842, Commander in 1855, Captain in 1862, and Rear-Admiral in 1877. In 1840 he served in Syria, at the battle of St. Jean d'Acre; in 1842 was promoted for the Azoff expedition; in 1855, during the Crimean War, commanded the Shearwater and the Curlew in the Black Sea; and from 1864 to 1869 acted on a Special Commission on Torpedoes. For his services he received the Crimean and Turkish medals and the Azoff and Sebastopol clasps, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and the Fifth Class Medjidie. The decoration of C.B. was given to him in 1877. Admiral Horton married, first, in 1846, Agnes Jane, daughter of Mr. Jeddou Fisher, of Ealing Park; and secondly, in 1859, Anna Maria, daughter of the late Mr. John Hamilton, of Sundrum, and widow of Captain Charles Acton Broke, R.N.

## REV. DERWENT COLERIDGE.

The Rev. Derwent Coleridge, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and formerly Rector of Hanwell and Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, died at Eldon Lodge, Torquay, on the 28th ult., in his eighty-third year. The son of S. T. Coleridge, the famous poet, the brother of Hartley Coleridge, and the first cousin of the Right Hon. Sir John Taylor Coleridge (father of the Lord Chief Justice), Derwent Coleridge inherited no small share of the literary ability of his distinguished family; and, shortly after he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, commenced his career as a writer by contributing to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," under the nom de plume of "Davenant Cecil." Subsequently he collected and edited "the poetical remains" of his brother Hartley; was author of "The Scriptural Character of the English Church;" and wrote "The Life of Winthrop Mackworth Praed," prefixed to his collected works. He took his degree in 1822, and entered into holy orders in 1826. In 1841 he became Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, and continued there until 1864, when he was presented to the living of Hanwell. This eminent writer and divine married, in 1827, Mary Simpson, eldest daughter of Mr. John Drake Pridham, of Plymouth, and leaves issue.

## MR. BANKES, OF STUDLAND.

Mr. Henry Hyde Nugent Bankes, M.A., of Studland, in the county of Dorset, D.L., barrister-at-law, died at Chantry House, Eccleston-street, on the 26th ult. He was born April 10, 1828, the second son of the Right Hon. George Bankes, of Kingston Lacy, M.P., Cursitor Baron, and at one time Judge Advocate, by Georgina Charlotte, his wife, daughter and heiress of Sir Charles Edmund Nugent, G.C.H., Admiral of the Fleet. He received his education at Eton, and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. He married, first, March 26, 1857, the Hon. Lalage Letitia Caroline Vivian, daughter of the first Lord Vivian; and secondly, 1879, Ellen Catherine, widow of Charles Henry Barham, of Treverne and daughter of Mr. E. T. Massey, of Cotnamore. The family of Bankes, of Kingston Hall, descends from the marriage of Sir John Bankes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, with Mary Hawtrey, the gallant defender of Corfe Castle for Charles I.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Thomas Boulton, late Vicar of Bidford, Warwickshire, J.P., on the 22nd ult., in his ninety-first year.

Mr. Alfred Clint, late President of the Society of British Artists, on the 22nd ult., aged seventy-six. His portrait and memoir appear in another part of this number.

Mr. Matthew Fortescue, J.P., Judge of the County Courts, No. 58, on the 27th ult., at Oak Park House, Dawlish, in his seventy-eighth year. He graduated at Cambridge in 1828, and was called to the Bar in 1839.

Lady Haggerston (Sarah Anne) widow of Sir John Haggerston, Bart., of Ellingham Hall, Northumberland, and daughter of Mr. Henry Knight, of Terrace Lodge, Axminster, on the 24th ult., at South Kensington, aged sixty-five.

Lieutenant-General Seager, C.B., at his residence, South Cliff, Scarborough, on the 30th ult., aged eighty years. The deceased took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaklava.

The Dowager Lady Winington (Anna Helena), widow of Sir Thomas Edward Winington, Bart., mother of Sir Francis, the present Baronet, and eldest daughter of the late Sir Compton Domville, Bart., of Santry, by Helena Sarah, his second wife, sister of General Sir Frederick Trench, of Heywood, on the 29th ult., at Queen's-gate, aged sixty-six.

Major-General Henry Drummond, Royal Engineers, on the 28th ult. His services in India included the Sutlej campaign, 1845 to 1846; the Burmese war, 1852 to 1853; and the Rohilkund campaign, 1858. He was for some time officiating Deputy-Secretary to the Indian Government in the Public Works, railway branch.

The Rev. Edward Fawcett Neville Rolfe, M.A., Canon of Gibraltar, for seventeen years Chaplain of Christ Church, Cannes, and previously for fourteen years Curate of Amwell, Herts, on the 25th ult., at Bordighera, Italy, aged sixty-one. He was third son of the Rev. Strickland Charles Edward Neville-Rolfe, of Heacham Hall, Norfolk.

Miss Margaret Emmet, recently, at Boston, United States, aged ninety-one. She was niece of Robert Emmet, executed for treason in Dublin in 1803, and daughter of the great lawyer, Thomas Addis Emmet, Attorney-General of the State of New York, to whom there is a public statue in that city.

Colonel Arthur Gonne Bell Martin, late 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, of Streamtown, county Mayo, and formerly of Ballinahinch Castle, county Galway, on the 23rd ult. The additional surname of Martin he assumed by Royal License in 1847 on his first marriage, with the heiress of the Martins of Ballinahinch, popularly known as "the Princess of Connemara," whose romantic story forms a chapter in Sir Bernard Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families."

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Monsell (Harriet), last surviving daughter of the late Sir Edward O'Brien, Bart., of Dromoland, and for twenty-five years Superior of the House of Mercy at Clewer, on the 25th ult., at The Hermitage, Folkestone, in her seventy-second year. In 1862 she was granted a patent of precedence as a Baron's daughter. Her brother, Sir Lucius O'Brien, had succeeded his kinsman, the Marquis of Thomond, in the barony of Inchiquin.

Mr. Nathaniel Montefiore, an eminent and munificent Jewish gentleman, on the 28th ult., at 18, Portman-square, aged sixty-three. He was second son of the late Abraham Montefiore, of Stamford-hill, Middlesex, by Henrietta, his wife, daughter of Meyer Amschel Rothschild, banker, of Frankfurt; was married in 1850 to Emma, fifth daughter of Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, Bart., and leaves issue. He was nephew of Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., now in his ninety-ninth year.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J S (Copenhagen).—Taking the variation you have chosen, 1. B to E 5th, K to K 5th; White's continuation is 2. B takes P; and now, if Black K takes E, he is mated by 3. B to K 5th. Do not be so positive in your error.

A H (Huddersfield).—Thanks; the game shall receive early attention.

Sotvax (Lansanne).—The solution of the Indian problem is as follows:—1. B to Q 5th, 2. P to K 5th; 3. R to K 2nd, K to B 5th; 4. R to Q 4th, double checkmate.

B H C (Salisbury) and Amateux (Mauritius).—White has no good answer to 1. Kt to K 6th, as we have stated several times.

W W (Sydenham).—Thanks. If found correct it shall appear.

E T (Windsor).—In No. 2035, after 1. K to R 6th, B to Q 6th (ch), White mates by 2. R to Kt 5th interposing and mating.

W B (Stratford).—We cannot preserve incorrect diagrams. So please send another for examination.

J A R (Baltimore).—We are much obliged for your letter and inclosures, and cordially reciprocate your good wishes. The game appears below, and the problem shall have early publication.

E N F (St. John's-wood).—All very good, and very acceptable.

J W L (Bedford).—No. 2040 cannot be solved in the way you propose.

S Fitz-H (Gothic).—In "Castling" with Q R the K is placed on Q B square, and the R on Q square.

K L (Southampton).—You have failed with No. 2040, but as you are only ten years old you have time on your side, so try again.

J S (Copenhagen).—You evidently do not know enough of the game to solve problems successfully. The answer to your check of the Bishop is 2. R to Q Kt 5th, interposing and checkmating by discovery.

N F (Clifton).—Always glad to hear from you. Thanks for the game.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2033 received from E S (Kandy, Ceylon), and F E Gibbons (Tiflis); of No. 2035 from D A Smith (British Columbia); of No. 2038 from H Youssoufian (Constantinople), J G Keene, J A B, E L G, and H Stebbing; of No. 2039 from Fleet Street, Donald Mackay, R A Score, Schach Klub (Wolfenbuttel), Benjamin George, Dr F St, J A B, Polytechniker, H Rosling, Alfred Robinson, J Harrison, H G Gamble, T Evelyn, George E Corby, Frank Thorpe, Alpha, E L G, F W Dyer, F B Grant, W Scott, K (Bridgewater), H Stebbing, A F Froggatt, F H Graafland, and W H Houfflt (Utrecht).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2040 received from H B, J Hall, M G H, D E L (Munich), Aaron Harper, A E M, Ben Nevis, Junbo, T H Holdron, E J Posno (Hartem), Edmund Field, S Lowndes, Smutch, G S Cox, H Z (Manchester), C W Milson, Frank Thorpe, A M Colborne, E E H, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, R B Duff, L L Greenaway, T Evelyn (Dublin), Polytechniker, R T Kemp, X de St Cassis, R L Southwell, Donald Mackay, L Wyman, Gyp, D W Kell, New Forest, A W Scrutton, Hereward, Joseph Ainsworth, H Wardell, W Hillier, Old Cuddie, Schmueke, Nellie, B H C (Salisbury), Harry Springthorpe, W F B (Swansea), H H Noyes, E Loudon, G T B Kyngdon, R H Brooks, F Ferris, Shadforth, J G Anstee, M O'Halloran, A E Booth, Julia Short, T F Butler (York), N S Harris, H G Gamble, B R Wood, E L G, A R Street, W Vernon Arnold (Croydon), Pharaoh, R Tweddell, T Brandreth, Cant, Rev C F Jones (Oxford), W Wood, E Casella (Paris), Cecilia Cooper, L Falcon (Antwerp), S W Mann, A Chapman, T Bennett, W Scott, H Stebbing, C O M (Dundee), J A B, S Fitz-Henry, A H Mann, C S Wood, K (Bridgewater), New Machar, and O Fulder (Ghent).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2038.

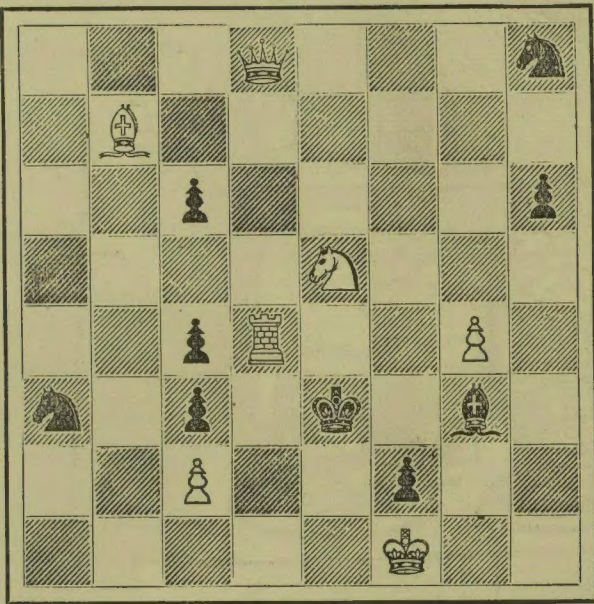
WHITE.  
1. Kt to B sq  
2. Q to Q 5th (ch)  
3. Q or Kt mates.

BLACK.  
K to B 5th  
Any move

## PROBLEM No. 2042.

By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

For the following Game and the notes appended we are indebted to Mr. James A. Russell, of Baltimore. It was played between Mr. SELLMAN, who made a fine score when opposed to Herr Steinitz recently, and Mr. PLEASANT, of the Baltimore Chess Club.

(Petroff's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to Q 3rd	B to Kt 3rd
2. P to K B 3rd	P to K B 3rd	12. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
3. P to Q 4th			
Weak; 3. Kt takes P is the correct move.	Kt takes P	13. P to K R 3rd	Kt to K 6th
4. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	14. R to K sq	Q to K 5th
5. Kt takes P		15. B takes Kt	
6. P takes P is better, and leads to an even game.			
6. Castles	B to Q 3rd		
7. P to K B 4th	Castles		
Again weak; 7. P to Q B 4th is the correct line of play.		15. P takes B	Q B takes P
7. P to Q B 4th	P to Q B 4th	16. K to B sq	Q B takes P
8. P to Q B 4th	P takes Q P		
9. P takes Q P	K Kt to B 3rd	17. P takes B	Q takes P (ch)
10. B to Q B 4th	B to Q B 4th	18. K to K 2nd	Black now mated in three moves.

The trophy presented by the Working Men's Institute Union for competition among the chessplayers of all affiliated clubs has been won for the sixth consecutive year by a representative of the Jewish Working Men's Club. The winner on this occasion is Mr. N. Cohen, who in the final round defeated Mr. Knight of the Devonshire Club (Chiswick). The return-match between the Railway Clearing House and the Endeavour Clubs was played on the 15th inst. at the rooms of the latter, Brixton. There were twelve players a side, and the contest resulted in a victory for the Clearing House with a score of seven games to five.

A Ladies' International two-move problem tourney is announced in the *Matlock Register*, a weekly paper, which contains a very interesting chess column, conducted by Miss F. F. Beechey. Four prizes are offered for competition, the first, £2 2s., for the best set of two problems; the second, a painted Torquay Terra Cotta Plaque, for the best set of two problems contributed by a lady residing in the United Kingdom not winning the first prize; the third, a copy of "Chess Blossoms," for the best problem contributed by a foreign competitor in her first year of problem composition; the fourth, a bouquet of artificial (prize medal) Roses, for the best problem contributed by a lady residing in the United Kingdom in her first year of problem composition. The tourney is open to all nations, the problems to be ordinary mates, and they are to be sent to the *Matlock Register* Chess Editor, Dove Dale House, Matlock, Bath, Derbyshire, not later than Dec. 1, 1883. Those sent earlier will be published as they arrive, and the award will be made after the publication of all the problems. Messrs. Abbott, Crake, and Collins have consented to act as judges.

A game of chess with living pieces was played on the 10th ult. at the armoury of the 23rd Regiment in Brooklyn, the directors being Captain Mackenzie on the one side, and Mr. E. Delmar on the other. The costumes of the "pieces" were in blue and red, the Kings and Queens in Royal robes, the Bishops in full ecclesiastical attire with mitres, croziers, and flowing beards, the Knights in full armour. The game, a centre gambit, extended to twenty-four moves on each side, when it was drawn by perpetual check. The *Turf, Field, and Farm*, from which the above is extracted, gives the following clever two-move problem by Mr. Jesse At Graves.

White: K to Q Kt square; Q to K R 5th; R to K square and K B 4th; Kts at K 4th and Q 4th; B's at K R 2nd and Q R 6th. (Eight pieces.) Black: K at Q 5th; R's at K Kt 6th, and Q B 2nd; Kt at K 3rd; Pawns at Q B 3rd and Q Kt 6th. (Six pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate, granted at Belfast on Jan. 17, of the will (dated March 17, 1882) of Sir James Hamilton, late of Bangor, county Down, who died on Oct. 26 last, to William Stark Hamilton and James Napier Hamilton, the nephews, and Thomas Sinclair, three of the executors, was sealed in London on the 17th ult., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £104,000. The testator leaves £6000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his nephew William Stark Hamilton; £9000 to his said nephew; £10,000 to his nephew James Napier Hamilton; £15,000 to his nephew Edmund Hamilton; £24,000 between three nieces; £17,000 upon trust for his brother Thomas Campbell Hamilton for life, and then for his nephew James Napier Hamilton; £5000, upon certain conditions, for his nephew George Hamilton for life, and then for his nephew James Napier Hamilton; £3000 upon trust for his brother William Hardy Hamilton for life; and some other legacies. The residue of his property is to be divided between his said nephews William Stark, James Napier, and Edmund.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 17, 1881), of Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Brown, late of No. 78, Holland Park, who died on Nov. 17 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by James Wood Sully and Frederick Benjamin Brown, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testatrix makes specific bequests of jewellery to her daughters Margaret, Helena, and Emily; and bequeaths £100 to her executor, Mr. Sully. The residue of her property is to be held upon the same trusts as the residue of the property of her late husband, Mr. Benjamin Brown, is held under his will.

The will (dated March 10, 1873) of Mr. James Macken, late of Titnass Cottage, Sunninghill, Berks, and of No. 25, Ryderstreet, St. James's, tailor, who died on Dec. 17 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Mrs. Martha Ann Macken, the widow, and Miss Sarah Macken, the daughter, the acting executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testator bequeaths £50 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and £3000, to or upon trust, for each of his sons, George and John, and his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Lusher. As to his Sunninghill property and the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his daughters Sarah and Rachel Elizabeth (the latter of whom is since deceased); and one third, upon trust, for each of his two last-named daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1880) of Mr. Charles Chabot, late of No. 26, Albert-square, Clapham, who died on Oct. 15 last, has been proved by Charles Chabot, the son, and John Fraser, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £32,000. The testator makes provision for his wife in addition to what she is entitled to under settlement, and gives legacies to his brother, sister, sisters-in-law, and others. Considerable freehold and leasehold house property is specifically given to, or upon trust for, his son and daughters, Charles, Alice, and Helena; and the residue of his estate is to be divided between his said three children.

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1879), with five codicils (dated March 7 and May 12, 1881; and May 9, Nov. 22, and Dec. 2, 1882), of M. William Galignani, late of No. 82, Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, Paris, and of Loissy sous Etioilles, France, who died on Dec. 11 last, was proved in London on the 5th ult. by René François Mauban, Denis Edward Pourcelt, and Georges Castagnet, the executors, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court being over £29,000. The testator leaves 120,000f. to the Hospital Hospice at Corbiel bearing his name; 120,000f. to the Orphan Asylum at Corbiel bearing his name; 10,000f. to the Society for the Protection of Children, No. 4, Rue Beaux Arts; certain houses and lands and 70,000f. revenue in French Rentes, to found a retreat to be called "Retraite Galignani freres," for one hundred persons of both sexes over sixty years of age, of high respectability and moral character, and acknowledged to be without sufficient means of existence; and he directs his subscription to be continued for at least ten years after his death of 7500f. to the English Orphan Asylum, Boulevard Bineau No. 35; to Madame Théroine 250,000f.; to her son and his godson Billy Théroine 140,000f.; to Miss Emily Dyke 150,000f.; and numerous legacies to friends, relatives, servants, and others. The testator names as his universal heirs Madame Auguste Joseph Jeancourt, and her sons, Charles Auguste Jeancourt and Antony George Jeancourt.

The will (dated June 20, 1868), with a codicil (dated Dec. 10, 1869), of Mr. Frederick William Ludwig Blumberg, formerly a Captain in the 7th Lancers, but late of No. 16, Woodstock-road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, who died on Nov. 16 last at Coton Hall, Staffordshire, was proved on the 3rd ult. by Mrs. Laura Katharine Blumberg, the widow, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator leaves £1000 to his mother; and the residue of his estate and effects upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, and on her death or marriage again to divide the said residue equally between all his children.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1881) of Mrs. Anna Eliza Bray, late of No. 40, Brompton-crescent, who died on Jan. 21 last, has been proved by the Rev. John Edward Kempe and Charles Nicholas Kempe, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £15,000. The testatrix leaves a sum of £3000 for the purpose of publishing her autobiography and certain of her other works under the editorship of her great-nephew, John Arrow Kempe, to whom she give £500 stock for his trouble; a special cheap edition of 1000 copies is to be issued; the profits to be received by such publication, the balance of the £3000 (if any), and the remainder of her works she gives to her nephew, the said Rev. John Edward Kempe. She gives to the trustees of the British Museum the original drawings by Charles Alfred Stothard for the engravings published in the "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain." There are numerous legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives and others; and the residue of her property she gives to the said Rev. John Edward Kempe.

Lord Aberdare has subscribed £500 towards the fund for the establishment of a University College for South Wales.

The Duke of Westminster opened an art-exhibition in the Townhall, Chester, last week, and the Duchess of Westminster afterwards distributed prizes to the successful students in connection with the Chester School of Art.

An influential meeting in support of the movement for completing the extension of Edinburgh University, now approaching its tercentenary, was held last week, when a resolution recommending that £100,000 be raised was supported by the Earl of Wemyss, Lord Moncrieff, the Lord Advocate, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Buchanan, and other gentlemen. The Earl of Rosebery has contributed £2000; the Edinburgh Town Council, 1000 guineas; the Earl of Wemyss, the Earls of Hopetoun, and Moray, £1000 each; the Earl of Stair and Mr. Buchanan, M.P., £500 each.



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THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.  
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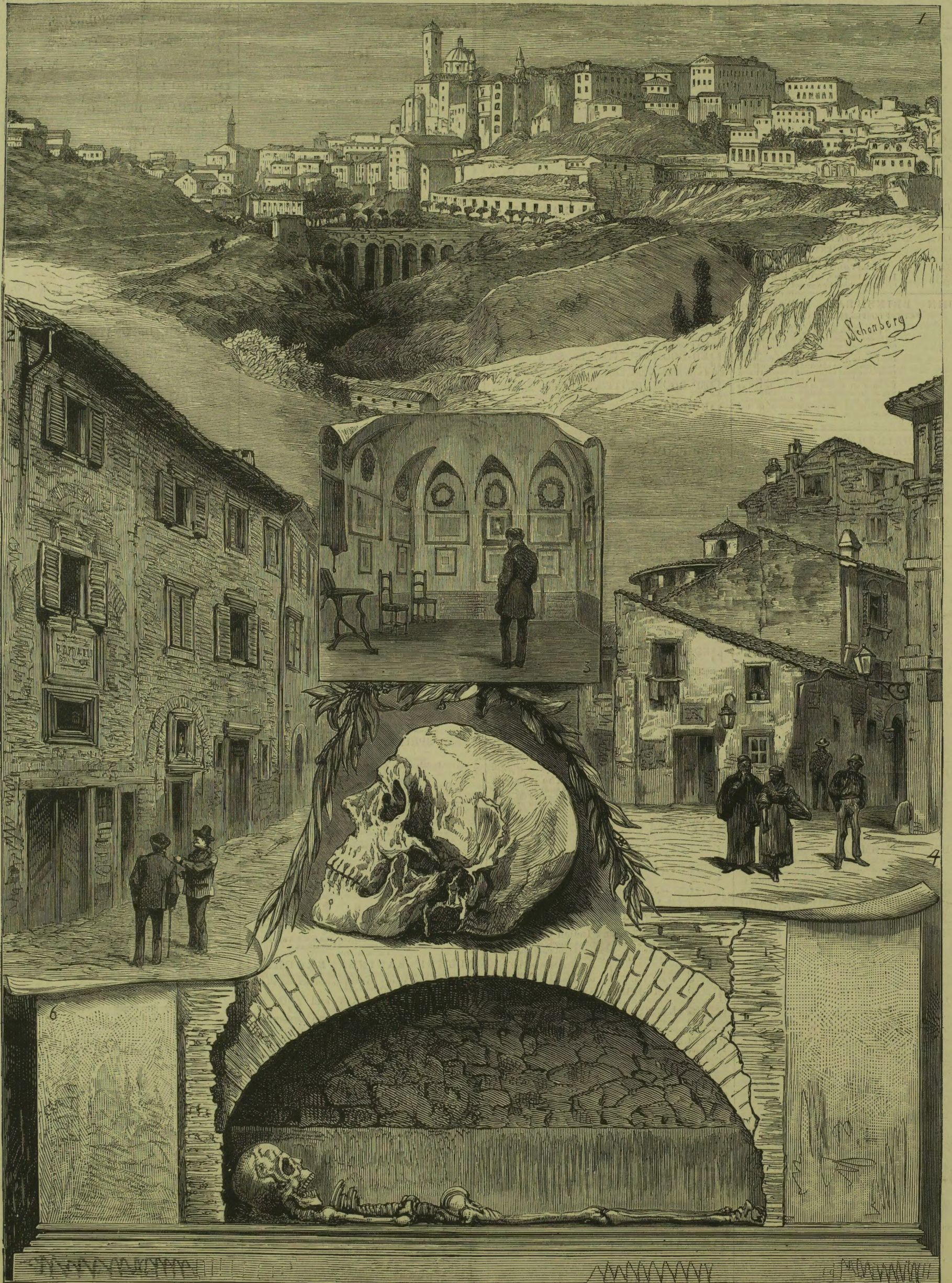
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1. View of Urbino. 2. House in which Raphael was born at Urbino. 3. Interior of Raphael's house. 4. House of the Fornarina, or baker's daughter, Raphael's model, at Rome. 5. Skull of Raphael. 6. Skeleton of Raphael, as discovered in 1833, in his tomb in the Pantheon.